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THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In
the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare"
the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*



Richard III.
From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME SEVEN

THE SECOND PART
OF KING HENRY VI.
THE THIRD PART



OF KING HENRY VI.
THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD III.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
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"Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne,
and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring
as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole
yeare,
Ile give thee as much gold as will purchase such another
iland.

King Oh see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled.
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must save thy soule

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary
sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe
his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heavenly
blisse,

Hold up thy hand and make some signe to us.

[The Cardinall dies

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgive his soule.

Sal. So bad an ende did never none behold,

But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbeare,
For God will iudge us all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde

[Exet omnes.]

"The First Part of the Contention," Sc. xi.;

cp. "2 Henry VI.," III. iii.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL OF WARWICK

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother*

SIR JOHN STANLEY

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE

Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk*

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests*

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer*

THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer* PETER, *his man.*

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's

SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman*

JACK CADE, *a rebel*

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver*,

MICHAEL, &c., *followers of Cade.*

Two Murderers

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry*

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester*

MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a
Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers,
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of
King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and
Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused ;
And humbly now upon my bended knee, IO
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent ;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret :
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness ! 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-lieftest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish ; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [kneeling]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness !

Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [Reads] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the
French king Charles and William de la Pole,
Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King

of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the 50 county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—' *[Lets the paper fall.]*

King. Uncle, how now!

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. *[Reads]* 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of 60 England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick; 70
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field, 80
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory, 100
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should :
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine 110
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son ?

War. For grief that they are past recovery :
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 121
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu !

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives ;
And our King Henry gives away his own, 130
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her !
She should have stay'd in France and starved in
France,

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot :
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike, 140
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out : proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. 150
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown :
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester,'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!' 161
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey !'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ; 170
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal :
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside :
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him. 180

While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey :

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honoured of the people :
Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the
main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last ! 211
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all : what is't to them ? 220
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone ;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own :

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue, 230
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French !
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 240
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ; 250
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world ?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world ?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20
Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain ; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk. 30
This was my dream : what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd ;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more ! 50

Duch. What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry ; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*]

Follow I must ; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks ;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there ? Sir John ! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone ; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty ! 70

Duch. What say'st thou ? majesty ! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man ? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ?
And will they undertake to do me good ?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions 80
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough ; I'll think upon the questions :
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*]
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold ;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume !
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum :
The business asketh silent secrecy. 90
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch :
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast ;
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so ; for, to be plain,
'They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say ' A crafty knave does need no broker ; '
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. 101
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands ; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall :
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

Scene III.

The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close : my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's good man ! Jesu bless him !

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? 10

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. 20
What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 30

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant

presently : we'll hear more of your matter before
the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. 40

[*Tears the supplications.*

Away, base cullions ! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England ?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance ?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke ? 50

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship and proportion :

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads ;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves 60

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head :

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient : as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham, 70
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen: 80
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds, 90
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit.

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last, 100

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

Let York be regent ; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak. 110

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son ! and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure : these are no women's matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be protector of his excellence ? 120

Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm ;

And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou ?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck ;

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas ;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions. 130

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you? 140

Duch. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds: 150
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand : 160
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet :
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture, 170
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands :
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason :
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ? 180

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me, what are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these : that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness,
I am falsely accused by the villain. 190

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were
scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when
I did correct him for his fault the other day, he 200
did vow upon his knees he would be even with
me: I have good witness of this; therefore I
beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest
man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place, 210
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,
pity my case. The spite of man prevaleth

against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me!
I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord,
my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd. 220

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of
combat shall be the last of the next month.

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Gloucester's garden.

*Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell,
and Bolingbroke.*

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
will her ladyship behold and hear our ex-
orcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of
an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,
Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while
we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, 10
in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel
on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and
let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To
this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady ; wizards know their times :

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,

The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs
howl, 20

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you and fear not : whom we raise,

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle ; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power

Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;

For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from
hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done ! 30

Boling. ' First of the king : what shall of him become ? '

[Reading out of a paper.]

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Boling. ' What fates await the Duke of Suffolk ? '

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. ' What shall befall the Duke of Somerset ? '

Spir. Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*]

*Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham
with their Guard and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-
weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause. 50

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away!

[*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here? [*Reads.* 60

'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why this is just

'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'

Well, to the rest:

‘Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains 70

Than where castles mounted stand.’

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain’d,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban’s,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward. 80

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who’s within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Saint Alban’s.

*Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk,
with Falconers halloing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years’ day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !

To see how God in all His creatures works !

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ; 10

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he would be above the clouds.

Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal ? how think you by that ?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven ?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart ; 20

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal !

Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown per-
emptory ?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice ;

With such holiness can you do it ?

Suf. No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glou. As who, my lord ?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen,

And whet not on these furious peers ;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword !

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come
to that !

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the
matter ;

40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep : an
if thou darest,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords !

Car. Believe me, consin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come
with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised ? the east side of
the grove ?

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester !

Glou. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord. 50

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll
shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high ; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart !

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.*

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship. 80

Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better
told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee :

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine ?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90

By good Saint Alban ; who said, ' Simpcox, come,

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How camest thou so ?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glou. How long hast thou been blind ?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree ?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear. 100

Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture
so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes : wink now : now open them :

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint
Alban.

Glou. Say'st thou me so ? What colour is this cloak of ?

Simp. Red, master ; red as blood.

Glou. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown
of? 110

Simp. Black, forsooth : coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his? 120

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glou. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
thou mightst as well have known all our names
as thus to name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly
to nominate them all, it is impossible. My
lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle ; 130
and would ye not think his cunning to be great,
that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not
beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glou. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away. 140

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone :
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. 150

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!']

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. *[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.]*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; 160
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers :
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ; 170
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council ;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this
means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart :
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers ; 180
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal :
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard : 190
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here :
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers, 200
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons : 10
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king ;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, 21
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 31
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March :
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March ;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge ; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence : 50
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign :
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;
And in this private plot be we the first 60
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king !

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days :
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey :
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off ; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself 80

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife :

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great :
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again ;
From thence unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment ; welcome were my death.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee :

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester : ere thou go,
Give up thy staff : Henry will to himself
Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet :
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff :
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king : when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne ! [*Exit.*]

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once ;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off. 42
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays ;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit :
Here let them end it ; and God defend the right !

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appelland,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his
Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is
drunk ; and he enters with a drum before him
and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; and
at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and
sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.*

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
in a cup of sack : and fear not, neighbour, you 60
shall do well enough.

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of
charneco.

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ;
and a fig for Peter !

First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee : and be
not afraid.

Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master : 70
fight for credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I
pray you ; for I think I have taken my last
draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I
die, I give thee my apron : and, Will, thou shalt
have my hammer : and here, Tom, take all the

money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray
God! for I am never able to deal with my
master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. 80
Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and
myself an honest man: and touching the Duke
of York, I will take my death, I never meant
him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and 90
therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright
blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; 100
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*A street.**Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.*

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock ?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook 10
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand ; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze !
See how the giddy multitude do point, 21
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light and night my day; 40
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee and hates us all—

And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear ! thou aimest all awry ;
I must offend before I be attainted ;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach ?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month. 71

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave : and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here ?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray 81
You use her well : the world may laugh again ;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her : and so, Sir John, farewell !

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*]

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death,—

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame,

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's.

Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come :

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission :
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,

That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can ; 40

Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices :

Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputing of his high descent,

As next the king he was successive heir,

And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign ; Gloucester is a man

Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

- Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?
- York.* And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
- Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.
- King.* My lords, at once : the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise : but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove :
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
- Queen.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance !
Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven :
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

- Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign !
- King.* Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France ?
- Som.* That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.
- King.* Cold news, Lord Somerset : but God's will be done !

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away ; 90
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest :
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glou. Is it but thought so ? what are they that think it ?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day !
No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment: 130
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here cominit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous :
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And if my death might make this island happy,

- And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness : 150
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life : 160
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy :
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well effected : 170
' A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'
- Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable :
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
- Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear 180

False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day :
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glou. Ah ! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the Parliament ?

King. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200
For what 's more miserable than discontent ?
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty :
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong ;
And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence ;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say ' Who 's a traitor ? Gloucester he is none.'

*[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,
and York. Somerset remains apart.]*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy ;
But yet we want a colour for his death :
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life ; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls :

Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death. 251

Suf. Madam, 'tis true ; and were't not madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold :

Who being accused a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature proved an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege. 260

And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead ; for that is good deceit

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;

For things are often spoke and seldom meant :

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it, 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither : 290
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin : 300
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :

No more, good York ; sweet Somerset, be still :
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame
take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms, 310
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. 330
[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :

I take it kindly ; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell ;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage 351

Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine ;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies. 370
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd; 381
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

Scene II.

Bury St Edmund's. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

According as I gave directions?

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal
Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20

Than from true evidence of good esteem

He be approved in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend! 30

Car. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world. 50

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:

Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans, 60

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me ?

For it is known we were but hollow friends :

It may be judg'd I made the duke away ;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death : ay me, unhappy ! 70

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man !

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face ?

I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.

What ! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?

Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb ?

Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statuë and worship it, 80

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,

And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime ?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say ' Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ' ?

What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,

And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves ;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ? 91

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee :

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness :
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor. 100
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land : the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :
And even with this I lost fair England's view, 110
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy !
Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?
Ay me, I can no more ! die, Eleanor ! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and
many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true; 130
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*]

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee. 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's
body on a bed.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow ?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face. 160

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ; 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued :
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death ?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ; 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend ;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest, 191

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ? Where's your knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? Where are his talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart

That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200

Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him ?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I say ;

For every word you speak in his behalf

Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour ! 210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Queen. What noise is this?

*Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their
weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons
drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury 240
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*to the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty, 260
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord
of Salisbury! 270

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [within]. An answer from the king, or we will
all break in !

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care ; 280
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means :
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk ! 290
No more, I say : if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.]

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you ! 300

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch !
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burthen'd heart would break, 320
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full !
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, 331
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for
thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself: 350
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough, 360
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more : live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I prithee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul :
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.]

Ay me ! what is this world ! what news are these !
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss, 381
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?
Now get thee hence : the king, thou know'st, is
coming ;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ? 390
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest ; 400
From thee to die were torture more than death :
O, let me stay, befall what may befall !

Queen. Away ! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from thee ;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene III.

A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord ? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure
Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed ? where should he die ?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no ? 10

O, torture me no more ! I will confess.

Alive again ? then show me where he is :

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair ; look, look ! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin !

Sal. Disturb him not ; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be !

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close ;

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall: 20
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die ;

[*To Suf.*

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash ; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George ; I am a gentleman :

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now ! why start'st thou ? what, doth death
affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by water I should die :

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;

Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not :

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wiped away the blot ; 40

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !

Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags !

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke :

Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I ?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, 50

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup ?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride ; 60
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth ?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain ?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole !

Cap. Pool ! Sir Pool ! lord ! 70

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm :
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground ;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's
death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord 80
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ ' *Invitis nubibus.*'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms : 100
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away ! convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
Small things make base men proud : this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives :
It is impossible that I should die 110
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me :
I go of message from the queen to France ;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus : it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough, 121

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit : no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king ;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear :

More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot !

Great men oft die by vile bezonians :

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully ; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders

Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart : 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.
First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit with the body.

Scene II.

*Blackheath.**Enter George Bevis and John Holland.*

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a lath: they have been up these two
days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I
say it was never merry world in England since
gentlemen came up. 10

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy voca-
tion; which is as much to say as, let the
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of 20
a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son,
the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make
dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's
throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the Weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

30

Holl. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed
father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and
princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence !

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good 40
bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well ; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter,
and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with
her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honour- 50

able; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

60

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire; being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

70

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some

80

say the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax ;
for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never
mine own man since. How now ! who's there ?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read
and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain !

90

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write courthand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't : the man is a proper man, of
mine honour ; unless I find him guilty, he shall
not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine
thee : what is thy name ?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters :
'twill go hard with you.

100

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy
name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an
honest plain-dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought
up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed : away with him ! he's a villain
and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say ! hang him with his pen
and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general ?

110

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.
He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself : he is but a knight, is a' ?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer.
[*Rises*] Now have at him !

120

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down ;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom :
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward ; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not :
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

130

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this : Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not ?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question ; but I say, 'tis true : 140
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age :
His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ;
therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, 150
That speaks he knows not what ?

All. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.
Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for
his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time
boys went to span-counter for French crowns,
I am content he shall reign ; but I'll be pro-
tector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's 160
head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason : for thereby is England
mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my
puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you
that that Lord Say hath gelded the common-
wealth, and made it an eunuch : and more than
that, he can speak French ; and therefore he is
a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance !

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can : the Frenchmen are 170
our enemies ; go to, then, I ask but this : can

he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be
a good counsellor, or no ?

All. No, no ; and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away ; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight, 180
Be hang'd up for example at their doors :
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men ; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon ;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out 190
of order. Come, march forward. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene III,

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in
thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will

I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. 10

This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt*]

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls 10
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general :

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face

Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same ?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

King. How now, madam !

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death ?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now ! what news ? why comest thou in such haste ?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark ; fly, my lord !

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30

And vows to crown himself in Westminster

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless :

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed :

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men ! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until a power be raised to put them down. 40

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee ;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes ;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge :
The citizens fly and forsake their houses : 50
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. Farewell, my lord : trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.* 60

Scene V.

London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of

your honour from the Tower to defend the city
from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command ;
But I am troubled here with them myself ;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head, 10
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe ;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

London. Cannon Street.

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff
on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here,
sitting upon London-stone, I charge and com-
mand that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit
run nothing but claret wine this first year of our
reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason
for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye
Jack Cade more : I think he hath a very fair 10
warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in
Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them : but
first, go and set London bridge on fire ; and, if

you can, burn down the Tower too. Come,
let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the
Savoy; others to the inns of court; down
with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out
of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he
was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis
not whole yet. 10

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law;
for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away,
burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall
be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes,
unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord
Say, which sold the towns in France; he that 20
made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one
shilling to the pound, the last subsidy

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.

Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom 30
that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as 40
no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that? 50

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too ; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent ?

Say. Nothing but this ; 'tis ' bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him ! he speaks Latin.

60

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle :
Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands, 71
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me :
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

80

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make
'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. 90

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the
help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
even with you : I'll see if his head will stand
steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and
behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most ?
Have I affected wealth or honour ? speak. 100
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death ?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live !

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words;
but I'll bridle it : he shall die, an it be but for
pleading so well for his life. Away with him !
he has a familiar under his tongue ; he speaks 110
not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say,
and strike off his head presently ; and then break
into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,
and strike off his head, and bring them both upon
two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life. 120

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt some with Lord Say.]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a
head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
there shall not a maid be married, but she shall
pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men
shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and
command that their wives be as free as heart can
wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and
take up commodities upon our bills? 130

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one
another, for they loved well when they were
alive. Now part them again, lest they consult
about the giving up of some more towns in
France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city
until night: for with these borne before us, in-
stead of maces, will we ride through the streets; 139
and at every corner have them kiss. Away! *[Exeunt.]*

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner!
kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!

[*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb
thee :

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

Clif. What say ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you ;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths ?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say ' God save his majesty !'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so 20
brave ? And you, base peasants, do ye believe
him ? will you needs be hanged with your
pardons about your necks ? Hath my sword
therefore broke through London gates, that you
should leave me at the White Hart in South-
wark ? I thought ye would never have given out
these arms till you had recovered your ancient
freedom : but you are all recreants and dastards,
and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
Let them break your backs with burthens, take 30
your houses over your heads, ravish your wives

and daughters before your faces : for me, I will
make shift for one ; and so, God's curse light
upon you all !

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade !

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,

That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ?

Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ; 40

Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,

Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you ?

Methinks already in this civil broil

I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying ' Villiago ! ' unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, 49

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;

Spare England, for it is your native coast :

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro
as this multitude ? The name of Henry the
Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and
makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay 60
their heads together to surprise me. My sword
make way for me, for here is no staying. In
despite of the devils and hell, have through the

very midst of you ! and heavens and honour
be witness that no want of resolution in me,
but only my followers' base and ignominious
treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled ? Go some, and follow him ;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward 70
[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers : we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset,
on the terrace.*

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty !

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised ?
Or is he but retired to make him strong ?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, II
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and
country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

Scene X.

Kent. *Iden's garden.*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on. 10

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me 20
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and
get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying
my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron 30
like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a
great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on 40
me well: I have eat no meat these five days;
yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do
not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray
God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks :
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ; 50
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon ;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that
ever I heard ! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or
cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of 60
beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech
God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hob-
nails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]

O, I am slain ! famine and no other hath slain
me : let ten thousand devils come against me,
and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and
I'd defy them all. Wither, garden ; and be
henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell
in this house, because the unconquered soul of
Cade is fled. 70

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor ?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead :
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point ;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,
and exhort all the world to be cowards ; for I,

that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, 80
not by valour. [Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
thee ;

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

90
[Exit.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

*Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum
and colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah ! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear ?
Let them obey that know not how to rule ;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it :
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20

Should raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30

Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—

Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither

Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,

Seditious to his grace and to the state,

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love; 50
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence, 61
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,

And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place : by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor ! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail :

[Exit Attendant.]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford ; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[Exit Buckingham.]

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail ; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys !

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come : I'll warrant they'll make it
good.

Enter Clifford and his son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king !

[Kneels.]

York. I thank thee, Clifford : say, what news with thee ?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;

But thou mistakest me much to think I do : 130

To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?

King. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey ;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here ! 141

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so :

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs :

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place. 150

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried :

And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? 161

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene II

*Saint Alban's.**Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.*

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls :
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me :
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

· How now, my noble lord ! what, all a-foot ?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him, 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York ; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York ? why dost thou pause ?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both !

York. A dreadful lay ! Address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres.

[*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will ! 30

[*Exit.*]

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout ;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially but by circumstance

The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father*] O, let

the vile world end, 40

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together !

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease ! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle ? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine, 50

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;

No more will I their babes : tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[Exit, bearing off his father.

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there ;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit. 71

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame, away !

King. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of ? you'll nor fight nor fly :

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape,
 As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80
 We shall to London get, where you are loved,
 And where this breach now in our fortunes made
 May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly :
 But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief ! and we will live
 To see their day and them our fortune give :
 Away, my lord, away ! [Exeunt. 90

Scene III.

Fields near St Alban's.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick,
 and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion ? This happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him ; thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act : 10
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him :

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day ;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard :
God knows how long it is I have to live ;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have :
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, 21
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them ;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?

War. After them ! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day :
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all :
And more such days as these to us befall ! [*Exeunt.*]

Glossary.

- A'*, he; I. iii. 6.
- Abortive*, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.
- Abrook*, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.
- Absyrtus*, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her; (Theobald's correction of Folios, "*Absirtis*"; Rowe, "*Absirtus*"); V. ii. 59.
- Accompt*, accounts; IV. ii. 87.
- Accuse*, accusation; III. i. 160.
- Achilles' spear*, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.
- Act*, put in action; (Capell, "*enact*"; Vaughan, "*coact*"); V. i. 103.
- Adder*, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.
- Address thee*, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27.
- Adsum*, I am here; (Folio 1, "*Ad sum*"); I. iv. 25.
- Advance*, raise up; IV. i. 98.
- Adventure*, run the risk; III. ii. 350.
- Advertised*, informed; IV. ix. 23.
- Advice*, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.
- Advised*, careful, II. iv. 36; sedate, V. ii. 47.
- Advised*, "are ye a.," did you hear? do you understand?; (Capell, "*avis'd*"); II. i. 48.
- Æolus*, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.
- Affected*, aimed at; IV. vii. 100.
- Affiance*, confidence; III. i. 74.
- Affy*, affiance; IV. i. 80.
- Aidance*, assistance; III. ii. 165.
- Ajax Telamonius*, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.
- Alder-liefest*, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.
- Althæa*, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain firebrand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.
- Amain*, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.
- Anchises*, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.
- An't like*, if it please; V. i. 72.
- Approved*, proved; III. ii. 22.
- Argo*, a corruption of *ergo*; IV. ii. 30.
- Argues*, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.
- Argument*, a sign in proof; I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.
- Arms*, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.
- As*, that; (Pope, "*That*"); II. iv. 45.
- Ascanius*, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.
- Asmath*, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 26.
- Assay'd*, attempted; IV. v. 9.
- At once*, in a word; III. i. 66.
- Attainted*, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.
- Avoid*, avant, be gone; I. iv. 42.

Aweful, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.

Awkward, adverse (Pope, "adverse"); III. ii. 83.

Bait thy bears; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day (Folio 1, "bate"; Folio 2, "baite"); V. i. 148.

Banditto, outlaw (Folios, "Bandetto"); IV. i. 135.

Ban-dogs, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 20.

Bane, destruction, ruin (Theobald, "bale"); V. i. 120.

'*Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*'; *The Contention* reads "*Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate*," to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web*; *Bargulus* is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*; his proper name was *Bardylis*; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.

Basimecu, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 28.

Beard, defy; IV. x. 40.

Bears; alluding to the cognisance

of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144, 203. (The annexed engraving represents the silver badge still worn by the brethren of the old hospital at Warwick.)

Bear-ward, bear-leader (Pope's correction of Folios 1, 2, "*Berard*," Folios 3, 4, "*Bearard*"); V. i. 149.

Beat on, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.

Bedlam, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.

Bedlam, lunatic, III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

Beldam, term of contempt for an old woman; I. iv. 44.

Beshrew, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.

Bested; "worse b.," in a worse plight; II. iii. 56.

Bestrid, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defence; V. iii. 9.

Betime, in good time; III. i. 285.

Bezonians, beggars; IV. i. 134.

Bills; "take up bills," get goods on credit; with a quibble on (1) "bills" = halberds, (2) "bills" = promissory notes; IV. vii. 130.

Blabbing, blurring out secrets; IV. i. 1.

Blood-consuming sighs, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.

Bona terra, mala gens, i.e. "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 58.

Bones; "by these ten b.," i.e. by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 191.

Book, learning; Anon. conj. "books"; IV. vii. 74.

Boot, booty; IV. i. 13.

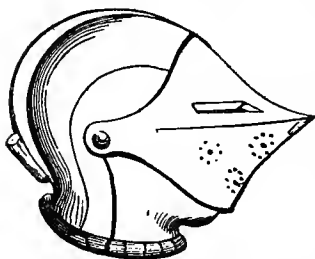
Brave, defy; IV. x. 38.

Brazen, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.



'The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.'

Break up, break open (Collier MS., "break ope"); I. iv. 21.
Bristol (Folios, "Bristow"); III. i. 328.
Broker, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.
Brook; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.
Brook, endure, bear; V. i. 92.
Brow, aspect, appearance (Johnson, "blow"; Becket, "browse"; Collier (Collier MS.), "bloom"; Anon., "glow"; Cartwright, "prime"); V. iii. 4.
Brown bill, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.
Brush, hurt, injury (Warburton, "bruise"); V. iii. 3.
Bucklers, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.
Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 24.
Bucks, linen for washing; IV. ii. 48.
Burgeton, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.



From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

But that, only that one; II. i. 99.
Buz, whisper; I. ii. 99.
By, according to; III. i. 243.
By and by, immediately; II. i. 139.
By that, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

Cade, small barrel; IV. ii. 34.

Cage, lock-up; IV. ii. 52.
Callet, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Folios, "Callot"); I. iii. 84.
Calm'd, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.
Cask, casket (Rowe, "casket"); III. ii. 409.
Cease, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 118.
Censure well, approve; III. i. 275.
Chafe, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.
Charm, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.
Charneco, a kind of sweet wine made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.
Check'd, reprov'd, rebuked; I. ii. 54.
Circuit, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.
Circumstance, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.
Cited, incited, urged; III. ii. 281.
Clapp'd up, shut up; I. iv. 52.
Clerkly, scholarly; III. i. 179.
Clime, country; III. ii. 84.
Clip, embrace, surround (Theobald's correction of Folios, "Gleape"; Pope, "Clap"); IV. i. 6.
Close, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.
Clouted shoon, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 186.
Collect, gather by observation; III. i. 35.
Colour, pretext; III. i. 236.
Commandments, "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 143.
Commodities, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 130.
Companion, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 33.
Complot, plot; III. i. 147.
Concert (Folios, "Consort"), a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.
Condition, rank; V. i. 64.

Conduct, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.

Conduit; IV. vi. 3. *Cp.* illustration.



From La Serre's view of Cheapside, 1639.

Conjurations, incantations; I. ii. 99.

Controller, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.

Convenient, proper, becoming; I. iv. 8.

Conventicles, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.

Corrosive, a pain-giving medication; III. ii. 403.

Court-hand, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 93.

Courtship, courtliness; I. iii. 55.

Crab-tree, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.

Cullions, base wretches; I. iii. 41.

Curst, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.

Custom'd, customary; V. i. 188.

Day, time, space; II. i. 2.

Dead as a door-nail, a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any

one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 43.

Deathful, deadly; III. ii. 404.

Deathsman, executioner; III. ii. 217.

Dedicate, dedicated; V. ii. 37.

Deep-fet, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.

Demanding of, questioning about; II. i. 172.

Demean, deport, behave; I. i. 188.

Demean'd, conducted; I. iii. 104.

Denay'd, denied (Folio 4, "*deny'd*"); I. iii. 105.

Depart, departure; I. i. 2.

Discharge, (?) payment; (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 170.

Discomfit, discouragement; (Folios, "*discomfite*"; Capell, "*discomfort*"); V. ii. 86.

Dispense with, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.

Dispersed, disbursed; (Folio 4, "*disbursed*"); III. i. 117.

Distract, distracted; III. ii. 318.

Doit, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.

Drain, drop (Rann, Capell, "*rain*"); III. ii. 142.

Earnest-gaping, earnestly riveted; (Anon. conj. "*earnest-gazing*"); III. ii. 105.

Effected, effectively proved; III. i. 170.

Emblaze, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 76.

Emmanuel; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (*cp.* Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 98.

Empty, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

Entreat, treat; II. iv. 81.

Envious, spiteful; II. iv. 12; II. iv.

35; "e. load," load of malice; III. i. 157.
Exorcisms, charms for raising spirits; I. iv. 5.
Expedient expeditious; III. i. 288.
Fact, deed; I. iii. 174.
Fain of, glad to, fond of; II. i. 8.
False-heart, false-hearted; V. i. 143.
Familiar, familiar spirit; IV. vii. 110.
Favour, lenity; IV. vii. 69.
Fearful, full of fear, III. i. 331; timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly, IV. viii. 44.
Fee-simple, lands held in fee-simple; IV. x. 27.
Fell-lurking, lurking to do mischief; V. i. 146.
Felon, (?) felony; III. i. 132.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 53.
Fifteens, fifteenths; IV. vii. 21.
Fifteenth, the fifteenth part of all the personal property of a subject; I. i. 133.
Flaw, sudden burst of wind, gust; III. i. 354.
Flower-de-luce, the emblem of France (Folios 1, 2, "*Fleure-de-Luce*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Floure-de-Luce*"; V. i. 11.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 36.
Foot-cloth, a kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground; IV. i. 54.

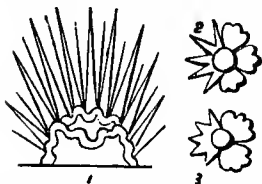


From a XVth century illumination in the National Library, Paris.

For, because, II. iii. 9; on account of (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*with*"); IV. vii. 86.
Force perforce, by very force; I. i. 258.
Forsooth, certainly, in truth; used contemptuously; III. ii. 183.
Forth, forth from (Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); III. ii. 89.
Forthcoming, in custody; II. i. 176.
Fretful, gnawing; III. ii. 403.
From, away from; III. ii. 401.
Furniture, equipment; I. iii. 170.
Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outwards; IV. ii. 48.
Gait, walking (Folios, "*gate*"); III. i. 373.
Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; IV. ix. 26.
Gather head, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.
Gear, affair, business (Folios, "*geer*"), I. iv. 16; matter, III. i. 91.
George, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 29.
Ghost, corpse; III. ii. 161.
Gird, invest (Folios and Quartos "*girt*"); I. i. 65.
Gnarling, snarling; III. i. 192.
Go; "let him g.," i.e. let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.
Go about, attempt; II. i. 143.
Gobbets, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.
Gone out; "had not gone out," i.e. "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.
Got, secured; V. iii. 20.
Graceless, impious; IV. iv. 38.
Graft, grafted; III. ii. 214.
Groat, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

Hale, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.

Half-faced sun, the device on the standard of Edward III.; (Vaughan, "pale-faced"); IV. i. 98.



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

Hammering, pondering; I. ii. 47.

Hamper, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 148.

Hap, fortune; III. i. 314.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.

Happily, haply, perhaps (Folios 2, 3, 4, "haply"); III. i. 306.

Hardly, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly*, scarcely, l. 74 (Theobald, "hardily"); I. iv. 73.

Have, possess; V. iii. 20.

Have at him, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 120.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.

Hempen caudle, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 91.

Henry, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.

Here, at this point, IV. iv. 76; (Heath, "hence"; Hudson, Walker, "there"); II. iv. 79.

Hinds, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 121.

Hoise, hoist, heave away (Folios, "hoise"; Quartos, "heave"; Theobald, "hoist"); I. i. 169.

Horse, horse's (Folios 3, 4, "horses"; Rowe reads "horse's"; Capell, "horse"); IV. iii. 14.

Hose and doublets; "in their h. and

d.," i.e. without a cloak; IV. vii. 53.

Household, family (Malone's correction (from Quartos) of Folio 1, "housed"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "houses"); V. i. 201.

Housekeeping, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.

Ill-nurtured, ill-bred (Folio 4, "ill-natur'd"); I. ii. 42.

Images (?) dissyllabic (Walker, "image"); I. iii. 61.

Imprimis, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.

Impugns, opposes; III. i. 281.

In, into; III. ii. 287.

In capite, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 126.

Inch; "at an i.," in the nick of time; I. iv. 44.

Indigested, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.

Unfortunate, unfortunate; (Folios 3, 4, "unfortunate"); IV. ix. 18.

Injurious, insolent; I. iv. 50.

Instance, proof; III. ii. 159.

In vitis nubibus, in spite of the clouds (vide "half-faced sun"); IV. i. 99.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.

Item, originally = likewise, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.

Jaded, no better than a jade; (Capell, from Quartos, "jady"); IV. i. 52.

Jades, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.

Jar, discord; IV. viii. 43.

Joy, enjoy; III. ii. 365.

Ken, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.

Kennel, gutter; IV. i. 71.

Kernes, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.

Killingworth, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.

Laid, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.

Laugh, smile; "the world may I again," i.e. fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.

Lay, stake, wager (Folios 3, 4, "day"); V. ii. 27.

Leave, leave off, desist, II. i. 179; III. ii. 333.

Lesser, smaller; IV. x. 50.

Lewdly, wickedly; II. i. 164.

Lifest, dearest; III. i. 164.

Light, alight, descend; I. iii. 91.

Like; "an it I," if it please; II. i. 9.

Limed, smeared with bird-lime; I. iii. 89.

Lime-twigs, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.

Listen after, gain information about; I. iii. 150.

Lived, would live; II. ii. 399.

Lizards' stings, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

Loather, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

Lodged, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

London-stone, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Lordings, lords; I. i. 145

Madding, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

Mail'd up in shame, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the sheet of penance" (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

Main, chief point; used with play upon "*Maine*" and "*main force*"; I. i. 209.

Mained, maimed (Folio 4, "*maim'd*"); IV. ii. 163.

Make, draw up; IV. ii. 93.

Make shift; contrive; IV. viii. 33.

Mandrake, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310. (Illustration in 2 *Henry IV.*)

Mass, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

Mates, checkmates, confounds, disabilities; III. i. 265.

Mechanical, mechanic; I. iii. 194.

Meetest, most suitable; I. iii. 161.

Mercy; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 140.

Mickle, much, great (Folio 2, "*milckie*"; Folios 3, 4, "*milky*"); V. i. 174.

Middest, midst; (Folio 4, "*midst*"); IV. viii. 64.

Minion, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 139.

Minister, instrument; III. i. 355.

Miscarry, perish; IV. viii. 49.

Misdoubt, diffidence; III. i. 332.

Monuments, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

Morisco, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

Mounsieur, Monsieur; IV. vii. 28.

Mournful, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

Muse, wonder; III. i. 1.

Naughty, bad, wicked; II. i. 164.

Next, "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.

Nigh, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.

Nominate, name; II. i. 129.

Notice, information (conj. "note"); III. i. 166.

Numbers, "factions n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

Obligations, contracts; IV. ii. 93.

Obsequies, shows of love; III. ii. 146.

Overweening, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.

Omitting, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.

Opposites, adversaries; V. iii. 22.

Order, "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.

Out, given out, i.e. given up (Walker, "over"; Cartwright, "up"); IV. viii. 27.

Over-blown, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 153.

Packing, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.

Pageant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.

Palmer's, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.

Palsy, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.

Paly, pale; III. ii. 141.

Part, party; V. ii. 35.

Particularities, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.

Pass, care, regard; IV. ii. 136.

Pen and ink horn; IV. ii. 108. *Cp.* illustration.



From an effigy in Ellesmere Church, Salop.

Period, end, stop; III. i. 149.

Perish, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.

Pinnace, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.

Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.

Plainness, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.

Plot, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.

Pointing-stock, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.

Pole, pronounced *Poole*; IV. i. 70.

Porpentine, porcupine (Rowe, "porcupine"); III. i. 363.

Port, department, carriage; IV. i. 19.

Posted over, slurred over; III. i. 255.

Pot; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 66.

Power, armed force; IV. iv. 40.

Practice, plotting; III. ii. 22.

Practised, plotted; II. i. 168.

Premised, sent before the time; (Delius, "promised"); V. ii. 41.

'Prentice, apprentice; I. iii. 199.

Presence, Cade's blunder for "presents"; IV. vii. 29.

Present, immediate; V. iii. 25.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.

Pretty - vaulting, bounding in a pleasant manner (Folios, "pretty vaulting"); III. ii. 94.

Priest, father-confessor; III. i. 272.

Private, retired; II. ii. 60.

Procurator, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.

Proof; "his coat is of p.," used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well-worn, long worn; IV. ii. 60.

Proper, handsome; IV. ii. 94.

Proportion, shape, form; I. iii. 55.

Puissant (disyllabic); IV. ix. 25.
Pursuivant, a lower rank of herald,
 a state messenger; I. iii. 35.
Puttock's, kite's; III. ii. 191.

Quaint, fine; III. ii. 274.
Quill; "in the q.," *vide* Note; I.
 iii. 3.
Quillets, subtleties, sly tricks in
 argument; III. i. 261.
Quire, choir; I. iii. 90.
Quitting, freeing; III. ii. 218.

Rack'd, harassed by exactions; I.
 iii. 129.
Ragged, rugged, rough; III. ii.
 98.
Rascal, rascally; II. iv. 47.
Raught, having been gained (lit.
 "reached"; Capell, "wrenched";
 others, "reft"); II. iii. 43.
Razing, erasing, blotting out; I. i.
 101.

Rear, raise; III. ii. 34.
Reave, deprive; V. i. 187.
Relent, yield, comply; (Collier MS.,
 "repent"); IV. viii. 11.

Remorse, pity, compassion; IV. vii.
 107.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. i. 1.
Repairing, "of such r. nature," i.e.
 so able to recover from defeat;
 V. iii. 22.

Repeal, recall from banishment; III.
 ii. 349.

Reprove, disprove, refute; III. i.
 40.

Reputing of, boasting of (Rowe,
 "by repeating"); III. i. 48.

Respecting, considering; III. i. 24.

Revenues; I. iii. 81.

Reverent, humble; III. i. 34.

Revolt, turn back (Anon. conj. "re-
 pent"); IV. ii. 124.

Right now, just now; III. ii. 40.

Roast, "rule the r.," Pope's emenda-
 tion of Folios, "rost," Quartos,
 "roast"; Grant White, "roost";
 according to some the phrase

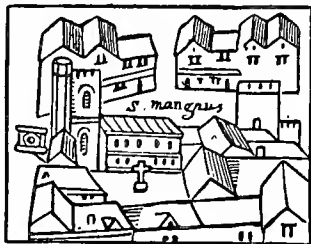
originally meant "to rule the
 roost," i.e. the "hen-roost"; I.
 i. 109.

Rude, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii.
 135.

Ruder, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

Sack, generic name for Spanish and
 Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

Saint Magnus' corner; IV. viii. 1.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved
 in Guildhall.

Sallet, salad, IV. x. 9; a kind of
 helmet, with a play upon the two
 senses of the word; IV. x. 11.



From an illumination of the XVth
 century.

Sancta Majestas, sacred majesty;
 (Pope, "majesty"; Capell, from
 Quartos, "santa maestá"); V. i. 5.
Savoy, the Palace of the Duke of
 Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels

under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII.; IV. vii. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

- Saws*, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 59.
Say, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 24.
Scathe, injury; II. iv. 62.
Score, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 35.
Seemeth; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.
Shearman, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 132.
Shrewd, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.
Sicil, Sicily; I. i. 6.
Silent, "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Quartos, "silence"); I. iv. 18.
Silly, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.
Since, when; III. i. 9.
Sir, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.
Skills, matters; III. i. 281.
Slough, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.
Smart, painful; III. ii. 325.
Smooth, bland, insinuating; III. i. 65.
Smoothing, flattering; I. i. 156.
Smooth'st, flattest; II. i. 22.
So, if only; V. i. 53.
Soft, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
Sophister, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
Sort, company, set, II. i. 164; III. ii. 277.
Sort, adapt, make conformable, II. iv. 68; let it fall out, I. ii. 107.
Sour, bitter; III. ii. 301.
Span-counter, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 157.
Spleenful, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
Splitting, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
Spoil, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
Sprays, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
State, estate; IV. x. 24.
Stays, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
Still, continually; III. i. 239.
Stomachs, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
Strait, strict (Folio 4, "strange"); III. ii. 258.
Straiter, more severely; III. ii. 20.
Stray, vagrant; IV. x. 27.
Strength, army; III. i. 380.
Style; "large style;" high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
Subornation, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
Subscribe, yield the point; III. i. 38.
Suddenly, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
Suffer'd, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
Sufficeth, it sufficeth; IV. x. 24.
Suffocate, suffocated (with a quibble upon "Suffolk"); I. i. 124.
Suspect, suspicion (Folios, "suspence"; Rowe, "suspicion"; Malone (Steevens), "suspects"); III. i. 40.
Swallowing; "for s.," that it may not swallow (Folios 3, 4, "swallowing up"); IV. i. 74.
Sworder, gladiator; IV. i. 135.

Sylla; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.

Tainture, defilement; II. i. 185.

Take my death, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 89.

Tally, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 35.

Temper, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.

Tend, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.

Tender, have care for; III. i. 277.

That, would that, I. iv. 30; so that, III. i. 12.

Thorough, through; IV. i. 87.

Threatest, threatenest (Folios 3, 4, "threaten'st"); I. iv. 50.

Tickle, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.

Tickled, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 151.

Timeless, untimely; III. ii. 187.

Timely-parted, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.

To, compared to; III. i. 64.

Towards, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.

Tower, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.

Treasury, treasure; I. iii. 132.

Trencher, plate; IV. i. 57.

Trow'st, thinkest; II. iv. 38.

Tully, Cicero; IV. i. 136.

Tumble down, make to fall; I. ii. 48.

Twit, twitted; III. i. 178.

Two-hand sword, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.

Uncivil, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.

Uncurable, incurable (Folios 3, 4, "incurable"); III. i. 286.

Uncath, not easily; II. iv. 8.

Unmeet, unsuitable; I. iii. 167.

Untutor'd, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.

Vantages, advantages; I. i. 131.

Verge, compass, circle; I. iv. 24.

Villiano, base coward (Theobald reads "Villageois"; Capell, "Viliaco"; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco*, rascal; IV. viii. 48.

Void, devoid; IV. vii. 66.

Voiding lobby, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.

Waft, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.

Walter, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.

Waning, decline, loss (Rowe, "waining"; Folios, "warning"); IV. x. 22.

Ward, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.

Well given, well-disposed; III. i. 72.

What, who, III. i. 107; whatever, III. i. 132.

Where, whereas; III. ii. 394.

Whether, monosyllabic (Folios, "where"); III. ii. 265.

White Hart, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Folios 1, 2, 3, "white-heart"); IV. viii. 25.

Who, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 14.

Whom, which; III. ii. 345.

Wink, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.

Witch, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Folios, "watch"); III. ii. 116.

With; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.

Woe, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.

Worm, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.

Worn, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.

Worthy, worthy of; III. i. 68.

Would, requires, desires; II. iii. 21.

Wreck, ruin (Folios, "wrack"); I. iii. 125.

Wrest, misinterpret; III. i. 186.

Wrested, took wrongfully; III. i. 112.

Y-clad, clad; I. i. 33.

Yet, still, even then; II. iv. 65.

KING HENRY VI.

Notes.

I. i. 1. '*As by your high,*' etc.; '*The Contention*' reads:—'*As by your high imperial majesty's command.*'

I. i. 7. '*and*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 omit it.

I. i. 19. '*lends*'; Rowe, '*lend'st.*'

I. i. 50. '*duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine*'; changed by Capell from Quartos to '*dutchies of Anjou and Maine.*'

I. i. 63. '*kneel down*'; Pope reads '*kneel you down*'; Keightley, Collier MS., '*kneel thee down.*' Perhaps '*kneel*' is to be read as a dissyllable.

I. i. 88. '*Beaufort*'; Folios read '*Beauford*'; Rowe, '*Bedford.*'

I. i. 93. '*And had his highness in his infancy Crowned*'; Grant White's emendation of Folios, '*And hath . . . Crowned*'; Rowe reads '*And was . . . Crowned*'; Capell, '*Or hath . . . Been crown'd*'; Malone, '*And hath . . . Been crown'd.*'

I. i. 102. '*Defacing*'; Capell reads, '*Reversing,*' following '*The Contention.*'

I. i. 247. '*humours fits*'; so Folios, Quartos; Rowe reads '*humour fits*'; Malone, '*humours fit.*'

I. ii. 22. '*My troublous dream this night doth make me sad*'; Capell's emendation of Folios, '*My troublous dreames . . . doth,*' etc.

I. ii. 38. '*And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd*'; '*are*', Hanmer's correction from Quartos; Folios 1, 2, read, '*wer*'; Folios 3, 4, '*were.*'

I. ii. 59. '*thou wilt ride with us*'; Dyce, from Quartos, '*thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure*'; Hanmer, '*thou too wilt ride with us*'; Vaughan, '*thou; thou wilt ride with us.*'

I. ii. 71. '*What say'st thou? majesty!*'; Capell reads from Quartos, '*My majesty! why man*'; Vaughan, '*What say'st thou, "Majesty"? etc.*'

I. ii. 100. '*A crafty knave does need no broker*'; an old proverb given in Ray's collection.

I. iii. 3. '*In the quill*'; Hanmer, '*in quill*'; Jackson, '*in quiet*'; Singer, '*in the coil*'; Collier MS., '*in sequel,*' etc. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, '*ex compacto agunt.*' Halliwell and others explain it also as '*all together in a body.*' This interpretation is borne out by a

passage in '*The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic*,' one of the 'Songs and Sonnets' in the collection called 'Choyce Drollery,' etc. (1656):—

*"Thus those females were all in a quill
And following on their pastimes still."*

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—'*the quill*' I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase '*a quill*,' which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil*, O.F. *accueil*, *acoil*, *akel*, *achoil*, etc., 'a gathering together.' It is noteworthy that a verb '*aqzyle*' occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability, it is the English form of the verb '*accueillir*.' (*Cp. Pearl*, ed. Gollancz, p. 122.)

I. iii. 31. '*master was*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*mistress was*.'

I. iii. 69. '*haughty*'; probably an error for '*haught*,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Pope, '*proud*.'

I. iii. 91. '*to the lays*'; Rowe, '*their lays*.'

I. iii. 147. '*most master wear*'; '*master*,' Halliwell, '*masters*'; '*wear*,' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*wears*,' '*most master*' = 'the one who is most master,' i.e. 'the queen.'

I. iii. 151. '*fume needs*'; Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) '*fury*,' which seems a most plausible emendation; '*needs*,' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*can need*'; Keightley, '*needs now*.'

I. iii. 152. '*far*'; Pope reads '*fast*,' adopted by many editors.

I. iii. 206. '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Capell reads '*This do, my lord, if I may be the judge*'; Dyce from Quartos, '*This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge*'; Vaughan conjectured '*This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law*'; Collier MS., '*This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge*.'

I. iii. 216. '*the spite of man*'; Capell reads '*the sight of my master*'; Folios 2, 3, read '*the spite of my man*'; Folio 4, '*the spite of my master*'; Collier MS., '*the spite of this man*'; Steevens, '*the spite of a man*'; Vaughan conj. '*the spite of many*.'

I. iv. 34. '*What fates await*'; so Folios; Pope reads '*Tell me what fates await*'; Capell, '*What fate awaits*'; Vaughan, '*What fates awaiteth then*'; Wordsworth, '*Tell me what fate awaits*.'

I. iv. 44. '*we watch'd you at an inch*'; Daniel, '*we've catch'd in the nick*,' or '*at the nick*.'

I. iv. 64. '*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*'; the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either 'I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans,' or, 'I say that the Romans may conquer thee, de-

scendant of Æacus'; 'te' inserted by Warburton; Folios 1, 2, read, 'Æacida'; Folios 3, 4, 'Æacide'; Rowe, 'te Æacidem.'

II. i. 24. '*Tantæne animis caelestibus iræ?*' 'Is such resentment found in heavenly minds?' (*Æneid*, i. 15). Omitted by Pope.

II. i. 26. '*With such holiness can you do it?*'; omitted by Pope. Warburton, '*With such holiness can you not do it?*'; Johnson, '*A churchman, with such,*' etc.; Collier MS., '*And with such holiness you well can do it?*'; the old play '*dote*' for '*do it*.' Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.

II. i. 29. '*you*'; Pope, '*yourself*.'

II. i. 34. '*furious*'; Folio 2, '*too-too furious*.'

II. i. 47. ll. 47 to 49, given in Folios to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 54. '*Medice, teipsum—*'; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Folios read '*Medice teiprum*'; Rowe, '*Medice cura teipsum*' etc.; omitted by Pope.

II. i. 69. '*To present your highness with the man*'; Pope reads, '*Before your highness to present the man*'; Capell, '*Come to present your highness with the man,*' etc.

II. i. 91. '*Simpcox*'; Pope's emendation (Theobald conj.) of Folios '*Symon*'; Capell, '*Saunder*.'

II. i. 135. '*things called whips*'; Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); 'There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips in store*'; this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's '*whips and scorns of time*,' but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*. The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*:—

*"Well heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things call'd whips."*

Perhaps Armin wrote '*Hamlet*' when he meant '*Jeronimy*.'

II. i. 180. '*vanquish'd*'; Walker, '*languish'd*'; Vaughan, '*banish'd*.'

II. ii. 6. '*at full*'; Folios 3, 4, '*thus at full*'; Capell, '*at the full*'; Keightley, '*at full length*'; Marshall, '*told at full*.'

II. ii. 15. '*Edmund*'; Folio 1 reads '*Edmond*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Edward*.'

II. ii. 27. '*Richard was murder'd traitorously*'; Folio 1 reads '*Richard . . . traiterously*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*King Richard . . . traiterously*'; Pope, '*King Richard trait'rously was murther'd*'; Dyce, '*was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously*.'

II. ii. 28. '*told the truth*'; Hanmer reads '*told the very truth*'; Capell, '*surely told the truth*'; Keightley, '*told the truth in this*'; Marshall, '*the Duke of York hath told the truth*.'

II. ii. 35. 'Philippe,' Hanmer's correction; Folio 1, 'Phillip'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Philip'; Collier MS., 'Philippa.'

II. ii. 42. 'Who kept him in captivity till he died'; "it was really his son-in-law, Lord Grey of Ruthvyn, and not Edmund Mortimer, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died" (Malone).

II. ii. 55. 'York claims'; Pope, 'York here claims'; Capell, 'but York claims'; Dyce, 'while York claims'; Hudson, 'York doth claim.'

II. iii. 3. 'sins'; Theobald's emendation of 'sinne,' Folios 1, 2; 'sin' Folio 3.

II. iii. 14. 'Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death'; Pope reads 'Welcome is exile,' etc.; Anon. conjecture 'Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death'; Wordsworth, 'Welcome is banishment; welcome were death'; 'banishment' is probably to be considered a dissyllable.

II. iii. 20. 'I beseech'; Hanmer, 'Beseech.'

II. iii. 21. 'ease,' the reading of Folios 1, 4; Folios 2, 3, 'cease.'

II. iii. 29. 'Should be to be protected like a child'; Collier MS. reads 'Should be protected like a child by peers.' 'Should be to be' = 'should need to be.'

II. iii. 30. 'God and King Henry govern England's realm'; omitted by Capell; 'Realm,' the reading of Folios; Steevens (Johnson conj.), 'helm'; Dyce and Staunton, 'helm!' In the next line Keightley proposed 'helm' for 'realm.'

II. iii. 32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, 'To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.'

II. iii. 35. 'willingly'; Pope, 'willing' (from Quartos).

II. iii. 46. 'youngest,' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'younger'; Singer (Anon. conj. MS.), 'strongest'; Collier MS., 'proudest'; Staunton, 'haughtiest'; Kinneir, 'highest.' Perhaps 'her' may be taken to refer to 'pride.'

II. iii. 55. 'defend'; Pope, 'guard'; Vaughan, 'fend.'

II. iii. 92. 'blow'; Warburton adds, from Quartos, 'as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.'

II. iii. 100. 'Go, take hence that traitor from our sight'; Hanmer, 'Go, and take hence,' etc.; perhaps 'traitor' should be read as a trisyllable.

II. iv. 3. 'Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold'; Pope, 'The barren winter, with his nipping cold'; Capell, 'Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold'; Mitford, 'The barren winter with his wrathful cold.'

II. iv. 5. 'ten'; Steevens, 'Tis ten o'clock'; Lettsom, from Quartos, 'Tis almost ten.'

II. iv. 12. 'laughing'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'still laughing'; Hudson (Lettsom conj.) 'and laughing.'

II. iv. 25. 'thine enemies'; Folio 4, 'their enemies'; Rowe, 'our enemies.'

II. iv. 31. '*with papers on my back*'; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."

II. iv. 87. '*gone too?*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*gone to?*'; Collier MS., '*gone so?*'

III. i. 78. '*as is the ravenous wolf*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*as is . . . Wolves*'; Malone, '*as are . . . wolves*'; Vaughan, '*as the ravenous wolves*.'

III. i. 98. '*Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Well, Suffolk, yet thou,*' etc.; Malone, from Quartos, '*Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,*' etc.; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*Well, Suffolk, well, thou,*' etc.

III. i. 133. '*easy*'; Collier MS., '*easily*'; Walker, '*very*'; omitted by Wordsworth.

III. i. 151. '*But mine is,*' etc.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Quartos, reads '*But I am,*' etc.; '*mine*' = 'my death.'

III. i. 211. '*strays*'; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), '*strives*'; Vaughan '*strains*.'

III. i. 223. '*Free loras*'; Hanmer, '*See, lords*'; Dyce (Collier MS.), '*Fair lords*'; Cambridge editors suggest '*My lords*.'

III. i. 280. '*spoke*'; so Folios; Hanmer, '*spoken*.'

III. i. 348. '*nourish*' (monosyllabic) = 'nurse' (verb); (Collier MS. reads '*march*').

III. i. 357. '*John Cade of Ashford*'; Seymour adds, '*with a headlong crew*.'

III. ii. 26. '*Nell*'; Theobald, '*Well*'; Capell, '*Meg*'; Malone, '*Margaret*'; Clark MS., '*well*.' The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, lines 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.

III. ii. 70. '*ay me*'; Pope reads '*ah me*.'

III. ii. 78. Lines 78 to 121 struck out in Collier MS.

III. ii. 79. '*Eleanor*'; *cp. supra*, Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 80. '*Statue and worship it*'; Keightley correction of Folios, '*Statue, and worship it*'; Rowe reads '*statue, and do worship to it*'; Capell, '*statue then, and worship it*'; Dyce, '*statua and worship it*.'

III. ii. 88. '*gentle*'; Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads '*ungentle*,' destroying the whole point of the passage.

III. ii. 89. '*he*,' i.e. Æolus, the God of the winds.

III. ii. 100, 120. '*Eleanor*,' *cp. supra*, Note, III. ii. 26.

III. ii. 147. '*earthly*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*earthly*.'

III. ii. 152. '*For seeing him I see my life in death*'; Folio 4 reads '*For . . . life is Death*'; Johnson, '*For . . . death in life*'; Capell, '*And . . .*

death in life’; Rann, ‘*And . . . life in death*’; Vaughan, ‘*So . . . myself in death*.’

III. ii. 163. ‘*being all descended*,’ i.e. “the blood being.”

III. ii. 182. ‘*And both of you were vow’d Duke Humphrey’s foes*’; the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, ‘*were . . . death*’; Folios 3, 4, ‘*have . . . death*’; Capell first suggested true reading.

III. ii. 192. ‘*was dead*’; Vaughan, ‘*is dead*,’ or ‘*was deaded*,’ or ‘*was ended*.’

III. ii. 244. ‘*Lord Suffolk*’; the reading of Folios; Malone reads, from Quartos, ‘*false Suffolk*.’

III. ii. 262. ‘*harmful*’; Folios 2, 3, 4, read ‘*harmless*.’

III. ii. 308. ‘*enemy*’; Capell (from Quartos), ‘*enemies*.’

III. ii. 322. ‘*daintiest that*’; Theobald, ‘*daintiest meat*’; Hanmer (from Quartos), ‘*daintiest thing*’; Vaughan, ‘*daintiest cate*.’

III. ii. 344-5. ‘*That thou mightst think*,’ etc. “That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee” (Johnson).

III. ii. 359. ‘*thence*,’ away from the land; Folios 2, 3, 4, ‘*hence*.’

III. ii. 366. ‘*no joy*’; Singer (Collier MS.), ‘*to joy*’; ‘*nought*,’ Folios 3, 4, *ought*.’

III. iii. 4. ‘*and feel no pain*’; Theobald reads, from Quartos, ‘*but one whole year*.’

III. iii. 21-2.

‘*O beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch’s soul*.’



The annexed cut, from Douce’s *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, depicts the angels of good and evil contending for a departing soul.

IV. i. 21, 22. ‘*The lives of those*,’ etc., so Folios, with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, ‘*Shall the lives . . . sum?*’ Marshall, ‘*The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised*,’ etc.

IV. i. 48. Omitted in Folios; restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 50. In Folios this line is made part of preceding speech, with ‘*lowsie*’ for ‘*lowly*,’ restored by Pope (from Quartos).

IV. i. 70. ‘*Cap. Yes, Pole. Suf. Pole!*’ added by Capell from Quartos.

IV. i. 85. ‘*mother’s bleeding*,’ Rowe’s correction of Folios, ‘*Mother-bleeding*.’

IV. i. 117. ‘*Gelidus timor occupat artus*,’ i.e. “chill fear seizes my limbs”;

the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*Pine gelidus*'; Theobald, '*Pæne gelidus*,' etc. (cp. *Æneid*, vii. 446).

IV. i. 129. Lloyd, '*Exempt from fear is true nobility*.'

IV. i. 136. '*Brutus' bastard hand*'; Theobald proposed '*dastard*,' but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

IV. i. 137, 138. '*savage islanders Pompey the Great*'; the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achillas, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as '*islanders*,' because the murder was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses at the easternmost mouth of the Nile.

IV. ii. 86. '*Chutham*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*Chartam*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Chattam*,' etc.

IV. ii. 133 '*Adam was a gardener*.'

Cp. illustration.

IV. iii. 9. '*a hundred lacking one*'; Malone, '*a hundred lacking one a week*,' from Quartos. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.

IV. iv. 22. Pope, '*Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?*'

IV. iv. 43. '*Lord Say, the traitors hate thee*'; Folio 1, '*hateth*'; Capell, '*traitor rebel hateth*'; Marshall, '*the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee*.'



From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

IV. vii. 36. '*thou hast caused printing to be used*'; printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.

IV. vii. 62, 63. Cæsar says in Book V. of the "*Commentaries*," '*Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt*,' which Golding rendered (1590), '*Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke*.'

IV. vii. 64. '*because full*'; Hanmer reads '*beauteous, full*'; Vaughan, '*bounteous, full*,' etc.

IV. vii. 72. '*But to maintain*' (Johnson; Rann); '*Kent to m.*' the reading of Folios; Steevens, '*Bent to m.*'; Malone, '*Kent to m.*' etc.

IV. vii. 92. '*The help of hatchet*,' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*the help of a hatchet*'; Farmer, '*pap with a hatchet*,' a singularly happy emendation.

IV. vii. 113. '*Sir James Cromer*'; it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.

IV. viii. 13. '*rebel*'; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon. MS.) of Folios, '*rabble*'; Vaughan, '*ribald*.'

IV. ix. 26. '*Of gallowglasses and stout kernes*'; Hanmer reads, '*Of desp'rate gallowglasses*,' etc.; Capell, '*Of nimble g.*,' etc.; Dyce, '*Of savage g.*,' etc.; '*stout*'; Mitford, '*stout Irish*'; '*kernes*'; Keightley, '*kernes, he*'; Vaughan, '*kernes supplied*.'

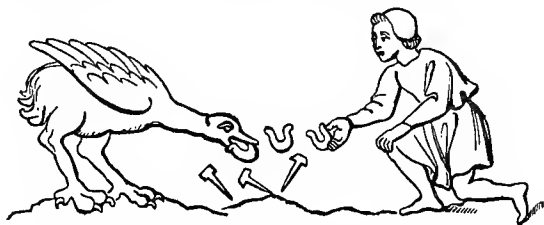
IV. ix. 29. '*arms*'; Folio 1, '*Armes*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Armies*.'

IV. ix. 33. '*calm'd*,' the reading of Folio 4; Folio 1, '*calme*'; Folios 2, '*claimd*'; Folio 3, '*claim'd*'; Beckett, '*cramp'd*'; Walker, '*chased*.'

IV. ix. 36. '*I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him*'; Staunton, '*Go, I pray thee, B.*,' etc.; Rowe reads, '*go and meet with him*'; Malone, '*to go and meet him*'; Steevens (1793), '*go forth and meet him*'; Collier (Collier MS.), '*then go and meet him*'; Dyce, '*go thou and meet him*.'

IV. x. 1. '*Fie on ambition*'; so the later Folios; Folio 1, '*Ambitions*.'

IV. x. 30. '*eat iron like an ostrich*.' Cp. illustration.



From a XVth century illumination.

IV. x. 46. '*That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent*'; Capell, '*'squir*'; Marshall omits '*an*,' following Hall.

IV. x. 56. '*As for words, whose greatness answers words*'; Rowe reads, '*As for more words*,' etc.; Mason, '*As for mere words*,' etc.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*But as for words*,' etc., etc.

IV. x. 62. '*God*'; Malone's correction (from Quartos) of '*Ioue*' of the Folios.

IV. x. 84. '*And as I thrust thy body in with my sword*'; Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits '*in*.'

V. i. 74. '*Alexander Iden, that's my name*'; Capell, '*My name is Alexander Iden, sir*'; Hanmer, '*Eo'n Alexander*,' etc.; Edd., '*Iden, Alexander Iden*,' etc.; Keightley, '*Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege*,' etc.

V. i. 78. '*Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight*'; Hanmer reads, '*Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight*'; Dyce (Lettsom conj.), '*Iden, kneel down. Iden, rise up a knight*'; Vaughan, '*Iden, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander.*'

V. i. 95. '*darest*'; monosyllabic; Folio 1, '*dar'st*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*durst.*'

V. i. 109. '*these*'; Theobald's correction of '*thee*' of the Folios.

V. i. 130. '*mistakest*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*mistakes.*'

V. i. 146. '*fell-lurking*'; Roderick, '*fell-barking*'; Hudson (Heath conj.), '*fell-lurching*'; Collier (Collier MS.), '*fell-looking*'; Capell, '*fell lurking.*'

V. i. 170. '*shame*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*stain.*'

V. i. 211. '*victorious*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read '*victorious noble.*'

V. ii. 28. '*La fin couronne les œuvres*'; i.e. '*the end crowns the work*' Folio 1 reads, '*Corrone les eumes*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Corronne les oeuvres.*'

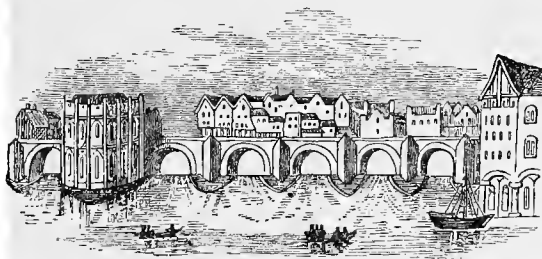
V. ii. 42. '*Knit earth and heaven together*'; Vaughan adds '*in one blase.*'

V. ii. 66. '*So, liethou there*'; Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to '*Behold the prophecy is come to pass*'; Vaughan conj. adds '*fulfilling prophecy.*'

V. ii. 87. '*parts*'; Hanmer reads '*pow'rs*'; Warburton, '*party*'; Collier MS., '*frends*'; Dyce (Walker conj.), '*part.*'

V. iii. 1. '*of*'; Collier MS. (from Quartos), '*Old*,' adopted by Dyce.

V. iii. 29. '*faith*'; Malone's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*hand.*'



London Bridge.

From an illumination in the poems of the Duke of Orleans (Royal MS., 16F2).



The Battle of Tewksbury.

From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

“ Kingdoms are but cares ;
State is devoid of stay ;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke ;
Pomp unprompt ; and fame a flame ;
Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.”

Verses attributed to ‘ KING HENRY VI.’

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the sixth.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*

LEWIS XI. *King of France.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,*

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*

} *his sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *uncles to the Duke of York.*

SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV*

BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France.*



Nathaniel Field.

From the original painting in Dulwich Gallery.

The Third Part of King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.]

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk : stay by me, my lords ;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council :
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute :
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

Exe. For shame, come down : he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, 80

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king ?

War. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne ?

York. It must and shall be so : content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster ; let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster ;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread 91
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you we show our title to the crown ?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I :

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

K. Hen. Peace, thou ! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him, lords ; 121

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords ?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say ; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king ;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150

K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence; 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the
Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king. 171

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

King. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised !

[*Exeunt North., Clif., and West.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield. 190

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may : I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes !

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,*

Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger :

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father !

Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus ?

Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, 220

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :

If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, sweet son :

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forced ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ; 232

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais ;

Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ; 240

And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour :

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away ;

Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already : get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

Prince. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your grace : till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart : 270

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife ?

What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible. 21

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears :

Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms ! And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is Elysium, 30

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest

Until the white rose that I wear be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :

In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay : what news ? Why comest thou in such
post ?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle : 50
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou that we
fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not : 60
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need ; we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men ?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need :

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order, 70
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear 10
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath :

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again :

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York 30

Is as a fury to torment my soul ;

And till I root out their accursed line

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death !

To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son ; for his sake pity me, 40

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ !

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congea'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

And thrice cried ' Courage, father ! fight it out ! '

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

11

With purple falchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him :

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cried, ' Charge ! and give no foot of ground ! '

And cried, ' A crown, or else a glorious tomb !

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre ! '

With this, we charged again : but, out, alas !

We bodged again ; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide 20
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury :
The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage :
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all :
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not ? what ! multitudes, and fear ?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further ; 40
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time ;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this !

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford ! for a thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf : speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford ! do not honour him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart :

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away ?

It is war's prize to take all vantages ;

And ten to one is no impeach of valour. 60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now ?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What ! was it you that would be England's king ?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, 71

And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?

Look, York : I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport :
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York ! and, lords bow low to him :
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair ;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ? 100
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath ?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable !
Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes. 110
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death,
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 130
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ? 140
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies :
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so 150
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say ' Alas, it was a piteous deed !'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world :
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him, 170
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. 180
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become. 10

I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father :
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable : 30
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, 50

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdued;

But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm

Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,

They took his head, and on the gates of York

They set the same; and there it doth remain,

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.

O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70

The flower of Europe for his chivalry;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest !
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy !

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: 80
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague,
and their army.*

War. How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news
abroad ?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain ! 100

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death,

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards :
But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day ;
So that we fled ; the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?
And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers ;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick ; blame me not :
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via ! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry ‘ Charge upon our foes ! ’
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak :
Ne’er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries ‘ Retire,’ if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
And when thou fail’st—as God forbid the hour !—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend ! 191

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York :
The next degree is England’s royal throne ;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim’d
In every borough as we pass along ;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,

But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;

And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows : 20
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, 31
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
' What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away ' ?
Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him

- K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?
I'll leave my sons my virtuous deeds behind ;
And would my father had left me no more ! 50
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York ! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
- Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits : our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son :
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down. 60
- K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.
- Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
- Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

- Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field :

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence :

Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry ' Saint
George ! ' 80

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry ! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament, 91
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :

Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? O, I cannot speak !

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:

By Him that made us all, I am resolved

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept; 160
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root ;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ; 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets ! let our bloody colours wave !
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord ! what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us : 10

What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;

And in the very pangs of death he cried,

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,

' Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death ! '

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;

And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30

Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine !

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,

Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands

That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay ; 50
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games :
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland :
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
brother

To execute the like upon thyself; 10
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ; IO
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ? 20
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times : 30
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father,
dragging in the body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !

Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eye ! see, see what showers arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !

O, pity, God, this miserable age !

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !

O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses :

The one his purple blood right well resembles ;

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth :

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ; 101

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied !

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ? 110

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe ?

Much is your sorrow ; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go ;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120
I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince,
and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post
again :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
Or else come after : I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter :
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away !
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*Another part of the field.**A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul !
My love and fear glued many friends to thee ;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies ;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ? 10
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth !
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. 30
[*He faints.*]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,
Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords : good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave : 40
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 51

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;
Instead whereof let this supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft. 60
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did ! and so perhaps he doth :
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford : swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king :
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen : 90
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation ;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence : Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester ;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation :
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.* 110

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20

For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king ; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30

To wife for Edward : if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account then Margaret may win him ;

For she's a woman to be pitied much :

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40

To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give ;

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed ;

He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd ;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn !

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :
A man at least, for less I should not be ;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough. 60

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content :
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us ; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed ;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England ?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths ?

First Keep. No ; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear !
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin 90
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead ; your king's name be
obey'd :

And what God will, that let your king perform ; 100
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause. 10

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so ?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game : how true he
keeps the wind !

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May it please your highness to resolve me now ;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you
all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that ! for he'll take
vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then : he'll rather
give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be
ruled by him. 30

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you ; for you
will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty. 41

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits
her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in
Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you
father. 100

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done
his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas
for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower : 120
And go we, brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ; 140

And so I chide the means that keeps me from it ;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;

What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely 151
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head 170
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown :
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more silyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

Scene III.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth
sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France : now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days :
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair ?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side : [*Sits her by him*] yield not
thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a king become a banish'd man,

And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done :

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off. 39

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee
to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And then to crave a league of amity;

And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity ;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ? 70
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour ;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ? 90
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But he is gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine : 130

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus : our sister shall be
Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit :
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you ;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings !
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love ; 160
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*Post blows a horn within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague :

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty :

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you ; from
whom I know not. [*They all read their letters*]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled :
I hope all's for the best. 170

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair
queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What ! has your king married the Lady Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before : 179

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,

No more my king, for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death ?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?

Did I impale him with the regal crown ?

Did I put Henry from his native right ?

190

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?

Shame on himself ! for my desert is honour :

And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor :

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
love ;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200

And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him :

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour, 210

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved

You shall have aid.

220

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,

To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

230

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*]

K. Lew.

But, Warwick,

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,

240

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey,
as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.*

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glou. Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together ; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion : that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise ?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself ? 40

Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France :
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that ? it was my will and grant ;
And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride ;

She better would have fitted me or Clarence :
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee. 60

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf ;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent ; 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ; 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France ?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ? 91

Post. At my depart, these were his very words :
‘ Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.’

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Post. These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain :
‘ Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.’ 100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s queen ?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. ‘ Tell him,’ quoth she, ‘ my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.’

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words :
‘ Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere’t be long.’

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ; 120
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Glou. *[Aside]* Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or quickly will be landed :

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance :
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ;
If it be so, then both depart to him ;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends :
But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 11
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*]
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort :
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand :
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed ?

First Watch. Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent ? 10

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest
friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him. 19

First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and
French soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick!
Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who
fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and
the rest following them.]*

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick,
Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown,
sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the
stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.

War.

Ay, but the case is alter'd: 31

When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:*[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

*[They lead him out forcibly.]**K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.*[Exit, guarded.]*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, 60
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares :
And, as I further have to understand, 10
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe,

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may :
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ; 20
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,— 30
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right :
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly :
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

*Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley,
and others.*

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case : you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way 10
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man : see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer ?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste :

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,

And ship from thence to Flanders. 21

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou go along ?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat.

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure ;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands :
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government : 40
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content :
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place ; 50
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else ? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward 60
Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany. 101
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

Before York.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings,
and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the
rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glou. The gates made fast ! Brother, I like not this ;
For many men that stumble at the threshold 11
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright
us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20
Yet Edward at least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*They descend.*]

Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! 30

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

[*The drum begins to march.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Flourish.*]

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king
of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto
you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier. 80
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.

London. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague,
Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ; 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears ;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd :
Then why should they love Edward more than me ?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !'*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are these ?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence ;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow :
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains :
The sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay, 60
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

*Coventry.**Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers,
and others upon the walls.**War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.*Enter Sir John Somervile.**War.* Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*]*War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends,*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.*March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,
and Soldiers.**K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.*Glou.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40
What is the body when the head is off?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel
down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love ! 79
Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee :
I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king ?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath :
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends : 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March.*

Warwick and his company follow.

Scene II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

*Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing
forth Warwick wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ; 20
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again: 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while !
Thou lovest me not ; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, 41
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd ; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick !'

War. Sweet rest his soul ! Fly, lords, and save yourselves ;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power ! 50
[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph ; with Gloucester,
Clarence, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum ; cry ‘ Courage ! ’ and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

*March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset,
Oxford, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne’er sit and wail their
loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow’d in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is’t meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 10
Which industry and courage might have saved ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter’d friends the tackles ; what of these ?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ? 20
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock ?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while !
Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink : 30
Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish ; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here ;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here—as God forbid!—

Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage, 50

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather

Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live

To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,

If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester,
Clarence, and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80
You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum : Retreat : Excursions. Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and soldiers ; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ? 10

Glou. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes !

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York !

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth ;

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved !

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night ;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold. 29

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty ; you are all undutiful :

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all

I am your better, traitors as ye are :

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glou. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. 40

[*Stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too !

Glou. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter;

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower.

[*Exit.* 50]

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child:

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou. 71

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not ? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here : murder is thy alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince !

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence : discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares : 89

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

*Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant,
on the walls.*

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard ?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord :—my lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter ; 'good' was little better :

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,

And both preposterous ; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf ;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ? 10

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl !
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come ? is 't for my life ?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner ? 30

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art :
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye— 40
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, 50
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.* 60

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither :

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say 70

I came into the world with my legs forward :

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried

'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !'

And so I was ; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80

And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me : I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light :

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;

For I will buz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life,

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry and the prince his son are gone :

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90

Counting myself but bad till I be best.

I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit, with the body.]

Scene VII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride !
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions ;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;
And two Northumberlands ; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound ;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague, 10
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace :
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. 20

Glou. [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen ;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 29

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And cried, 'all hail !' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court ?

Sound drums and trumpets ! farewell sour annoy !

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Glossary.

Abodements, bad omens ; IV. vii. 13.
Aboding, boding ; V. vi. 45.
Adventure, enterprise ; IV. ii. 18.
Advertised, informed ; II. i. 116.
Æsop ; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback) ; V. v. 25.
Aims at, (1) endeavours to obtain, III. ii. 68 ; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.
Alms-deed, act of charity ; V. v. 79.
Apparent, heir-apparent ; II. ii. 64.
Appointed ; "well a.," well equipped ; II. i. 113.
Argosy, merchant ship ; II. vi. 36.
Arrived, reached, arrived at ; V. iii. 8.
As, that ; I. i. 234.
Assay, try, essay (Collier, "essay") ; I. iv. 118.
Attended, waited for ; IV. vi. 82.
Awful, awe-inspiring ; II. i. 154.
Balm, consecrated oil ; III. i. 17.
Bands, bonds ; I. i. 186.
Bandy, beat to and fro ; I. iv. 49.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent sup-



From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

posed to kill by its look ; III. ii. 187.
Battle, army, body of troops ; I. i. 8, 15.
Beaver, helmet ; I. i. 12.
Belgia, Belgium ; IV. viii. 1.
Belike, I suppose ; I. i. 51.
Bells, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at ; I. i. 47.
Betimes, in good time, before it is too late ; V. iv. 45.
Bewray, betray ; I. i. 211.
Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Bishop of London ; V. i. 45.
Blaze, burn ; V. iv. 71.
Blood-sucking sighs, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood ; IV. iv. 22.
Bloody, blood-thirsty, cruel ; I. iii. 2.
Blunt, rough ; IV. viii. 2.
Bodged, yielded, gave way, budged (Johnson conj. "budged," Collier conj. "botch'd") ; I. iv. 19.
Bootless, useless ; I. iv. 20.
Boots, avails ; I. iv. 125.
Broach'd, begun ; II. ii. 159.
Bruit, rumour, report ; IV. vii. 64.
Buckle, join in close fight (Theobald's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, "buckler") ; I. iv. 50.
Buckler, shield ; III. iii. 99.
Bug, bugbear ; V. ii. 2.
But, except ; IV. vii. 36.
Buy, aby, pay for (Grant White, "by," from "abie" Quarto 1) ; V. i. 68.

Gallet, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.

Captivates, makes captive; I. iv. 115.

Case; "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen (Folio 4, "*In case*"); V. iv. 34.

Chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.

Challenge, claim; IV. vi. 6.

Chameleon, a kind of lizard whose colour changes; III. ii. 191.

Channel, gutter (Roderick conj. "*kennel*"); II. ii. 141.

Charm, silence, as by a charm; V. v. 31.

Chase, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.

Cheerly, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.

Chid, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.

Close, secret; IV. v. 17.

Colours, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.

Conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.

Convey'd, carried off; IV. vi. 81.

Cony, rabbit (Folio 1, "*Connie*," Folio 2, "*Conny*"); I. iv. 62.

Coverture, covert, shelter (Warburton, "*overture*"); IV. ii. 13.

Darraign, range; II. ii. 72.

Dazzle, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.

Dearest, best, most precious; V. i. 69.

Deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.

Delicates, delicacies; II. v. 51.

Demean'd, behaved; I. iv. 7.

Depart, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.

Departing, parting; II. vi. 43.

Despite, spite, malice; II. i. 59.

Detect, betray; II. ii. 143.

Disannuls, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.

Done, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.

Done his shrift, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.

Doubt, fear; IV. viii. 37.

Doubted, feared; IV. iii. 19.

Downright, straight down; I. i. 12.

Eager, bitter; II. vi. 68.

Ean, bring forth young (Folios 1, 2, "*Eane*"; Theobald, "*yeau*"); II. v. 36.

Effuse, effusion; II. vi. 28.

Embassade, embassy (Capell, from Quartos, "*embassage*"); IV. iii. 32.

Empty, hungry; I. i. 268.

Encounter, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.

Enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.

Extraught, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.

Falchion, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.

Fear, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.

Fear'd, affrighted, frightened (Rowe, "*scar'd*"); V. ii. 2.

Fearful, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful, II. ii. 27.

Fence, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.

Figures, reveals; II. i. 32.

Fires, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.

Foil, defeat; V. iv. 42.

Fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.

For, as regards; IV. iii. 48.

Forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.

Forgery, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.

Forlorn; "a f.," an outcast (Collier MS., "*all forlorn*"); III. iii. 26.

Forslow, delay (Folios 1, 2, "*Fore-slow*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Fore-slow*"); II. iii. 56.

Forspent, exhausted (Folios, "*Fore-spent*"; Rann (from Quartos), "*Sore spent*"); II. iii. 1.

Forward of, eager for; IV. viii. 46.

Fretting, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallant, spruce fellow, used ironically; V. v. 12.

Gallia, Gaul; V. iii. 8.

Ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.

Gin, snare; I. iv. 61.

Government, self-control; I. iv. 132.

Grant, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.

Hand; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.

Haply, fortunately; II. v. 58.

Hard-favour'd, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.

Hasty, rash, passionate (Walker conj. "*lusty*"; Cartwright conj. "*hardy*"; IV. viii. 2.

Haught, haughty; II. i. 169.

Have at thee, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.

He, man; I. i. 46.

Head, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.

Heir, heiress; IV. i. 48.

Henry, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.

Hold, stronghold; I. ii. 52.

Homely, humble; II. v. 22.

Honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

Hour (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, &c.

Hyrcania, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.

Impale, encircle; III. iii. 189.

Impeach, reproach; I. iv. 60.

Indigested, shapeless; V. vi. 51.

Inferring, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.

Injurious, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.

Inly, inward; I. iv. 171.

Inviolable, not to be broken; II. i. 30.

Irks; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.

Keeper with cross-bow; III. i. Cp. illustration.



From an illuminated MS. of the XVth century, in the National Library, Paris.

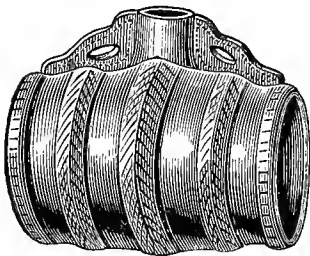
Lade, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.

Lane, passage; I. iv. 9.

Laund, lawn, glade (Capell, "*lawn*"); III. i. 2.

Level, aim; II. ii. 19.

Leather bottle; II. v. 48. (Cp. annexed illustration, from a specimen in the Roach-Smith collection.)



Leather bottle.

Lime, join, cement; V. i. 84.

Limed, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.

'Long, along of, owing to; (Folios, "long"); IV. vii. 32.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.

Magnanimity, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.

Malapert, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.

Male, male-parent; V. vi. 15.

Man at arms, armed knight; V. iv. 42.

Manhood, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.

Marches, country-borders; II. i. 140.

Masquers; III. iii. 224. *Cp.* illustration.



Meeds, deserts, merits; II. i. 36.

Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 186.

Mess, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.

Mind, mean, have a mind; IV. i. 8.

Misdoubteth, distrusts; V. vi. 14.

Misthink, misjudge; II. v. 108.

From an illumination in the Harl. MS. of Froissart.

Moe, more; II. i. 170.

Motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.

Mought, the reading of Folios; might, could (Capell (Quartos), "could"; Pope, "might"); V. ii. 45.

Muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

Naked, unarmed; V. iv. 42.

Napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.

Narrow seas, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.

Neat, horned cattle; II. i. 14.

Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.

Nice, subtle, sophisticated; IV. vii. 58.

Obsequious, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.

Of, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.

Only, alone (Pope, "alone"); IV. i. 45.

Overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.

Overpeer'd, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

Pale, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.

Parcel, part; V. vi. 38.

Passing, surpassing; V. i. 106.

Passion, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.

Period, end, finish; V. v. 1.

Pies, magpies; V. vi. 48.

Pinch'd, bitten; II. i. 16.

Pitiful, merciful; III. ii. 32.

Place; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.

Pleaseth; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.

Pleasure, give pleasure (Folios 2, 3, 4, "please"; Collier MS., "please you too"); III. ii. 22.

Poltroons, cowards (Folios, "Poultrones"); I. i. 62.

Post, messenger; V. i. 1.



From a tract entitled *A speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n.d.

Post, haste; I. ii. 48.

Post, hasten; I. ii. 55.

Posted off, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.

Power, force, army; II. i. 177.

Prancing, bounding; II. i. 24.

Preachment, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.

Prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.

- Prescription*, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.
- Presenteth*, represents (Steevens, "present"); II. v. 100.
- Presently*, immediately; I. ii. 36.
- Pretend*, assert; IV. vii. 57.
- Prick*, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.
- Prize*, privilege (Warburton (from Quartos), "pride"; Walker conj. "praise"); II. i. 20.
- Proteus*, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.
- Quaintly*, pleasantly; II. v. 24.
- Quit*, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.
- Racking*, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.
- Ragged*, rugged (Folios, "ragged"); V. iv. 27.
- Ramping*, rampant; V. ii. 13.
- Reached*, reached (Folios 3, 4, "caught"); I. iv. 68.
- Remorse*, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.
- Rends*, tears asunder (Folios, "rents"); III. ii. 175.
- Repair*, repairing hither (Folios 1, 2, "repayre"; Folios 3, 4, "repair"); V. i. 20.
- Resolve*, come to a determination; I. i. 49.
- Respect*; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.
- Rest*, remain; IV. ii. 8.
- Resteth*, remaineth; I. ii. 44.
- Retire*, retreat flight; II. i. 150.
- Revolt*, fall off; I. i. 151.
- Rheus*, the Thracian King who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomedes; IV. ii. 20.
- Rids*; "r. way," i.e. gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.
- Rook'd*, squatted; V. vi. 47.
- Roscus*, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome (Pope's emendation; Folios, "Rossius"; Hammer (Warburton), "Richard"); V. vi. 10.
- Ruinat*, ruin; V. i. 83.
- Ruthful*, piteous (Folios 3, 4, "rueful"); II. v. 95.
- Sadness*, seriousness; III. ii. 77.
- Sanctuary*, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.
- Scrupulous*, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.
- Self-place*, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.
- Selfsame*, the selfsame (Hammer, "ih" self-same"); II. i. 82.
- Sennet*, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.
- Septentrion*, the North; I. iv. 136.
- Service*; "do thee s.," become thy servitor; V. i. 33.
- Shame-faced*, bashful; IV. viii. 52.
- Ship*, take ship (Folio 1, "shipt"; Vaughan conj. "shipp'd"); IV. v. 21.
- Shoot*, shot; III. i. 7.
- Shriver*, confessor; III. ii. 108.
- Shrouds*, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.
- Sicils*, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.
- Silly*, innocent, helpless, II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously, III. iii. 93.
- Sinewtogether*, knit in strength (Folios 1, 2, 3, "sinow t."); II. vi. 91.
- Sinon*, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.
- Sith*, since; I. i. 110.
- Slaughter-man*, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.
- Sleight*, artifice, trickery (Rowe, "slight"); IV. ii. 20.
- Sometime*, sometimes; II. ii. 30.
- Soothe*, to assent to as being true, to humour (Folios, "sooth"; Rann, Heath conj. "smooth"); III. iii. 175.
- Sort*, crew, set; II. ii. 97.
- Sorts*, turns out well; II. i. 209.
- Spite*, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.
- Spite of spite*, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.

Spleen; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat (Warburton, "*hated spleen*"); II. i. 124.

Sport, disport, amuse; II. v. 34.

Stale, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.

State, station, rank; III. ii. 93.

Stay, linger; III. iii. 40.

Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.

Stout, brave; IV. ii. 19.

Stratagems, dreadful deeds (Folios 1, 2, "*stragems*"); II. v. 89.

Strike; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.

Strike sail, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.

Success, result, issue; II. ii. 46.

Suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.

Suffer'd, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.

Suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

Tacklings, cordage, rigging (trissyllabic); V. iv. 18.

Tainted, touched, moved; III. i. 40.

Take on, be furious; II. v. 104.

Temper with the stars, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.

Time; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.

Tire on, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.

Title, claim, right (Grey conj. "*tale*"); III. i. 48.

Toward, bold; II. ii. 66.

Trow'st, thinkest (Folios, "*trowest*"); V. i. 85.

Troy; "the hope of T.," i.e. Hector; II. i. 51.

Trull, harlot; I. iv. 114.

Trumpet, trumpeter; V. i. 16.

Type, sign, badge (i.e. the crown), (Lloyd conj. "*style*"); I. iv. 121.

Ulysses, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.

Unbid, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.

Unconstant, inconstant; V. i. 102.

Undoubted, fearless (Capell conj. "*redoubted*"); V. vii. 6.

Unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.

Untutor'd, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.

Unwares, unawares; (Folio 4, "*un-awares*"; Hanmer, "*un'wares*";

Vaughan conj. "*unware*"); II. v. 62.

Used, art accustomed; V. v. 75.

Valued, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.

Vantages, advantages; III. ii. 25.

Venom, venomous, poisonous (Capell (from Quarto 3), "*venom'd*"); II. ii. 138.

Via, away! an interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.

Visard-like, like a mask; I. iv. 116.

Vowed, sworn; III. iii. 50.

Waft over, carry over the sea; III. iii. 253.

Waned, declined (Folios, "*wained*"); IV. vii. 4.

Water-flowing, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.

Wean me, alienate myself (Folios 1, 2, "*waine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*wain*"); IV. iv. 17.

Weeping-ripe, ready to weep; Folios, "*weeping ripe*"; I. iv. 172.

When? an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.

Willow garland, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.

Wind, scent; III. ii. 14.

Wisp of straw, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.

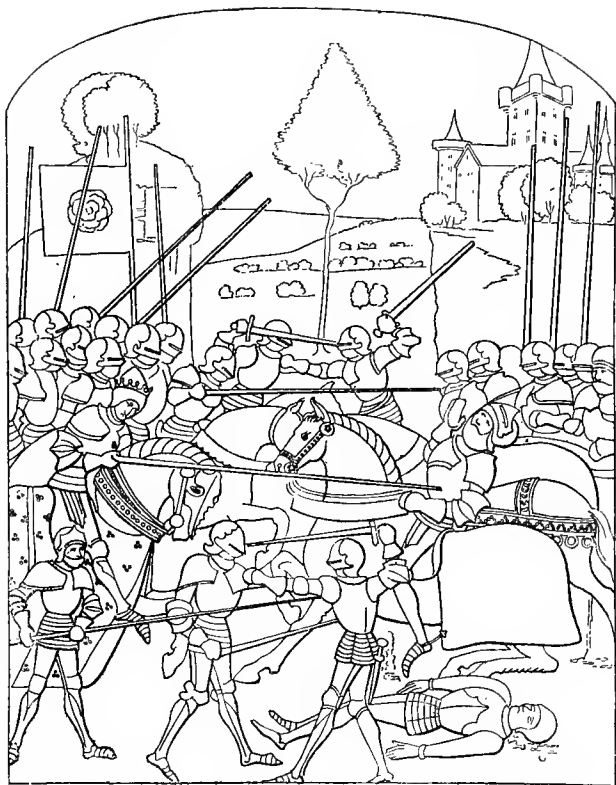
Wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.

Witch, bewitch; (Folios, "*witch*"); III. ii. 150.

Withal, with; III. ii. 91.

Witty, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

Younker, stripling; II. i. 24.



The Battle of Barnet.

From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent

Notes.

I. i. 11. '*dangerously*,' Theobald's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*dangerous*.'

I. i. 18. '*But is your grace*'; Pope, '*Is his grace*'; Capell, '*Is your grace*'; Malone (from Quartos), '*What, is your grace*'; Steevens, '*What, 's your grace*'; Lettsom, '*What, Is your grace*.'

I. i. 19. '*hope*'; Capell, '*end*'; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*hap*.'

I. i. 34. '*thrust you out perforce*'; Rowe, '*thrust you out by force*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*put us out by force*.'

I. i. 36. '*council*'; Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*counsaile*'; Folio 3, '*counsell*'; Folio 4, '*counsel*.'

I. i. 41. '*And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice*'; Quartos, '*be depode*'; as the line stands in the Folios 'Henry' must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.

I. i. 55. '*You both have vow'd*'; Folio 4, '*you have both vow'd*'; Pope, '*you vow'd*'; Collier MS., '*you have vow'd*'; Collier conj. '*both have vow'd*'; Vaughan conj. '*you both vow'd*.'

I. i. 56. '*favourites*'; Capell, '*favourers*.'

I. i. 62. '*poltroons, such as he*'; Folio 1, '*Poultroones, such as he*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Poltroones, and such is he*'; Folio 4, '*Poltroons, and such is he*'; Capell, '*poltroons, and such as he*.'

I. i. 70. '*Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart*.'

I. i. 76. '*I am thine*'; Rowe, '*Henry, I am thine*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine*.'

I. i. 78. '*The earldom was*,' i.e. the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The kingdom is*.'

I. i. 83. '*and that's*,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*that's*'; Quartos, '*and that is*'; Collier, '*that is*.'

I. i. 105. '*Thy father*'; '*Thy*,' Rowe's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, '*My*'; '*father*'; Capell conj. '*uncle*.'

I. i. 144. '*his crown*'; Johnson, '*his son*'; Dr Percy pointed out that Richard II. had no son; Capell (from Quartos), '*the crown*'; Vaughan, '*his line*'; Wordsworth, '*the throne*.'

I. i. 171. '*for this my life-time reign as king*,' the reading of Folio 1;

Folios 2, 3, 4, '*for this time*,' etc.; Theobald (from Quartos), '*but reign in quiet, while I live*.'

I. i. 261. '*from*,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4, and Quartos; Folio 1, '*to*.'

I. i. 268. '*cost*,' so Folios; Hanmer, '*truss*'; Warburton, '*coast*,' i.e. '*watch and follow, or hover round*'; Steevens, '*cote*'; Jackson, '*court*'; Dyce, '*souse*.' Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.

I. i. 16. '*any*'; Dyce, '*an*.' (?) '*But for a kingdom may an oath be broken*.'

I. ii. 38. '*shalt to the Duke of Norfolk*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*shalt be D. of N.*'; Rowe, '*shall go to the D. of N.*'; Pope, '*shalt to th' D. of N. go*'; Steevens, '*shalt unto the D. of N.*'; Vaughan, '*shalt straight to the D. of N.*'

I. ii. 40. '*Lord Cobham*'; Hanmer, '*Lord of Cobham*.'

I. iii. 48. '*Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tue*'; i.e. '*The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory*'; (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).

I. iv. 109. '*sake*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*death*.'

I. iv. 150. '*passion moves*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*passions move*'; Folio 1, '*passions moues*.'

I. iv. 152, 153. '*That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood*'; Warburton's arrangement (from Quartos); printed as three lines in Folios, ending his . . . toucht . . . blood. For '*with blood*' Folios 2, 3, 4 read '*the roses just with blood*'; Theobald, '*the roses juic'd with blood*'; Hanmer, '*the roses just i' th' bud*'; Collier MS., '*the rose's hues with blood*.'

I. iv. 169. '*to all*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*of all*.'

II. i. 20. '*Mathinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son*'; so Folios; Warburton (from Quartos), '*pride*.'

II. i. 113. Omitted in Folios, added by Steevens (from Quartos).

II. i. 131. '*idle*,' Capell's emendation (from Quartos) of Folios, '*lazy*.'

II. i. 146. '*Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy*,' i.e. Isabel, daughter of John I., King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.

II. i. 182. '*to London will we march amain*'; Theobald's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read '*to London will we march*'; Hanmer, '*straight to London will we march*.'

II. i. 190. '*fail'st*'; Steevens, '*fall'st*'; Quartos, '*faints*.'

II. ii. 47-48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," etc.

II. ii. 147. '*Although thy husband may be Menelaus,*' *cp. Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. ii. 172. '*deniest,*' Warburton's correction (from Quartos); Folios 1, 2, '*denied'st*'; Folios 3, 4, '*deni'dst.*'

II. ii. 177. '*these*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*thy.*'

II. iii. 37. '*Thou setter up and plucker down of kings*'; *cp. Daniel* ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."

II. iii. 43. '*in earth*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*in the earth*'; Pope, '*on earth.*'

II. iii. 49. '*all together,*' Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*altogether.*'

II. iii. 53. '*wear*'; Collier MS., '*wore*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*ware.*'

II. v. 26. '*make*'; Folios, '*makes.*'

II. v. 38. '*months*'; Rowe, '*weeks, months.*'

II. v. 44. '*rich embroidered canopy*'; Embroidery was a favourite occupation in this period, as is illustrated by the accompanying drawing from the MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 2 B vii.



II. v. 60. '*as this dead man doth me*'; Hanmer, '*as this dead man to me*'; Wordsworth, '*as this dead doth to me.*'

II. v. 80. '*hast,*' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hath.*'

II. v. 87. '*kill,*' Rowe's correction of Folios, '*kills.*'

II. v. 92, 93. '*O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late*'; much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words '*too late*'; the simplest meaning of the phrase seems to be '*when too late*'; others explain '*too late*' =

'too recently.' The Quarto read '*too late*' in the first line, and '*too soon*' in the second.

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee*.

II. v. 119. '*Even,*' Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Men*'; Folio 4, '*Man*'; Rowe, '*Sad*'; Mitford, '*Mere*'; Delius (Mitford conj.) '*Son*'; Collier MS., '*E'en*'; Keightley conj. '*Fore men*' or '*To men*'; Anon. conj. '*Main,*' etc.

II. vi. 6. '*And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,*' Rowe's reading; Folios, '*fall. Thy*'; Rann, '*fall, that*'; Johnson conjectured '*fall, the*';

'commixture melts,' Steevens' correction (from Quartos); Folio 1, *Commixtures melts*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Commixtures melt*.'

II. vi. 8. Omitted in Folios. Restored by Theobald (from Quartos).

II. vi. 17. Omitted by Capell, following Quartos.

II. vi. 42-45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Quartos, which here are more correct than Folios.

II. vi. 80. '*If this right hand would buy two hours' life*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*would this right hand buy but an hour's life*'; Folio 1, '*two hours*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*but two hours*'.

II. vi. 82. '*This hand should*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Td*'.

II. vi. 100. '*in thy shoulder*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*on thy s*'.

III. i. '*Enter two keepers*'; Folios, '*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey*'; 'as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV.*, Part II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).

III. i. 13. '*Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book*,' Malone's emendation; Folios, '*Enter the King with a Prayer booke*'; Collier MS. adds, '*disguised as a Churchman*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Enter King Henrie disguised*'.

III. i. 14. '*To greet mine own land with my wishful sight*'; Rann (from Quartos), '*and thus disguis'd to greet my native land*'.

III. i. 17. '*wast*,' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*was*'.

III. i. 24. '*thee, sour adversity*'; Dyce's emendation; Folios, '*the sower Adversaries*'; Pope, '*these sour adversities*'; Clarke's Concordance, '*these sour adversaries*'; Delius, '*the sour adversities*'.

III. i. 55. '*thou that talk'st*,' etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos, '*thou that talkes*,' etc.; Folios, '*thou talk'st*,' etc.; Collier, '*thou talkest*,' etc.

III. i. 60. '*and that's enough*'; Rann (from Quartos), '*though not in shew*'.

III. i. 97. '*We charge you, in God's name, and the king's*'; 'You'; Anon. conj. '*you now*' or '*you then*'; '*and the king's*'; Rowe, '*and in the king's*'.

III. ii. 2. '*Richard*'; the reading of Folios and Quartos; Pope (from Hall), '*John*'.

III. ii. 3. '*lands*'; Capell's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*land*'.

III. ii. 6-7. '*In quarrel of the House of York*,' etc.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.

III. ii. 32. '*then*'; Quartos, '*them*'.

III. ii. 108. '*'twas for shift*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3 reads, '*'twas for a shift*'; Folio 4, '*it was for a shift.*'

III. ii. 110. '*very sad*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*sad.*'

III. ii. 119. '*your prisoner*'; the reading of Folios; Capell (from Quartos), '*as prisoner*'; Id. conj. '*a prisoner.*'

III. ii. 143. '*Flattering me with impossibilities*'; Pope, '*Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible*'; ('*me*' = '*myself*').

III. ii. 156. '*shrub*'; Quartos, '*shrimpe.*'

III. ii. 170. '*Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*Until this . . . head*'; Pope, '*Until the . . . head*'; Thirlby, '*Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk*'; Hanmer, '*Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,*' etc.

III. ii. 193. '*the murderous Machiavel*'; Warburton (from Quartos), '*th' aspiring Catiline*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Macheuill*'; Folio 4, '*Matchevil.*'

III. iii. 3. '*while Lewis doth sit*'; Rowe, '*whiles Lewis sits*'; Pope, '*while Lewis sits.*'

III. iii. 11. '*seat*'; Walker conj. '*state.*'

III. iii. 42. '*waiteth on true sorrow*'; Warburton, '*waiting rues to-morrow.*'

III. iii. 45. '*Our*'; Collier MS., '*The*'; Vaughan conj. '*Proud.*'

III. iii. 75. '*thy*'; Johnson, '*thee.*'

III. iii. 96. '*thirty and six years*'; Quartos, '*thirtie and eight*'; the correct number, according to Malone.

III. iii. 124. '*an eternal plant*'; Warburton's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read '*an external p.*'; Hanmer, '*a perennial p.*'

III. iii. 127. '*Exempt from envy, but not from disdain*'; i.e. not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.

III. iii. 133. '*tempted*'; Vaughan, '*temper'd.*'

III. iii. 156. '*Warwick, peace*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Warwick.*'

III. iii. 228. '*I'll,*' Capell (from Quartos); Folios read '*I.*'

III. iii. 233, 234. '*But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men*'; Theobald, '*But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men*'; Hanmer, '*But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men*'; Steevens, '*But Warwick, thou And . . . men*'; Collier MS., '*But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men*'; Keightley, '*But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men*'; Anon. conj. '*But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine.*' Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.

III. iii. 242. '*Mine eldest daughter*'; the reading of Folios (following Quartos); Theobald (from Holinshed), '*my younger d.*' It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.

III. iii. 253. '*Shalt,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Shall.*'

IV. i. 13. 'our'; Capell, 'your.'

IV. i. 17. 'And shall'; Rowe, 'And you shall'; Walker, 'Ay, and shall,' or 'Marry, and shall.'

IV. i. 41. 'But the safer'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Yes, but the safer'; S. Walker conj. 'But then the safer'; Keightley, 'Ay, but the safer'; Anon. conj. 'But yet the safer'; Vaughan, 'But all the safer'; Folio 2, 'safter.'

IV. i. 42. 'using'; Vaughan, 'losing.'

IV. i. 66. 'brother's'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'Brothers'; Anon. conj. 'brothers.'

IV. i. 73, 74. 'dislike . . . Doth'; Folios, 'dislikes . . . Doth'; Rowe, 'dislikes . . . Do.'

IV. i. 89, 90. 'therefore, in brief, Tell me'; Folio 1, 'Therefore, in briefe tell me'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Therefore, in briefe, tell'; Pope, 'So tell.'

IV. i. 93. 'thy'; Rowe (from Quartos); Folios, 'the.'

IV. i. 118. 'elder . . . younger'; Folios (from Quartos); Theobald, 'younger . . . elder.'

IV. i. 126. 'the love'; Pope, 'love.'

IV. i. 128. 'Yet am I arm'd'; Vaughan, 'Yet am I warn'd.'

IV. ii. 12. 'Sweet Clarence'; Pope, 'friend'; Capell, 'Clarence.' Many modern editions omit 'but.'

IV. ii. 15. 'towns'; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Folios, 'town.'

IV. ii. 21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomedes and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiii. 98-108, 249-252; Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 469-473.

IV. iii. 14. 'keeps'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, 'keepes'; Theobald, 'keepeth'; Hanmer, 'keeps here'; Vaughan, 'keeps out'; Keightley, 'field here.'

IV. iii. 15. 'more dangerous'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'the more d.'; Hanmer, 'dangerous.'

IV. iii. 41. 'Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?'; Pope, 'Brother of G., and art thou here too?'; Capell, 'Yea, brother of G., and art thou here too?'

IV. iii. 55. 'tell what answer'; Pope, 'tell you what reply'; Capell, 'tell his grace what answer'; Keightley, 'tell him what answer'; Anon. conj. 'tell the duke what answer'; Dyce, 'tell him there what answer.'

IV. iv. 11. 'new committed'; Rowe, 'now committed.'

IV. iv. 19. 'is it that makes me bridle passion'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 'is it . . . my passion'; Folio 4, 'is . . . my passion'; Rowe, 'is it . . . in my passion'; Pope, 'is't . . . in my passion'; Vaughan, 'is it, makes . . . passion.'

IV. v. 16. '*brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings*'; Pope, '*brother Glo'ster, Hastings*'; Collier MS., '*brother of Gloster, Hastings*.'

IV. v. 21. '*Flanders*'; Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, '*as I guess*.'

IV. vi. 55. '*be confiscate*'; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, '*confiscate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*confiscated*.'

IV. vii. 8. *Ravenspurgh*, the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Rauenspurre*'; Quartos 1, 3, '*Raunspur*'; '*Ravenspurgh haven before*'; Pope omits '*haven*'; Steevens conj. '*fore*.'

IV. vii. 30. '*A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded*'; '*captain*' probably trisyllabic; Keightley, '*I' faith, a wise*'; Collier MS., '*captain he*'; Delius (Lettsom conj.), '*capitain*'; Cartwright, '*captain, faith*'; Pope, '*persuaded soon*.'

IV. vii. 57. '*shall*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*should*.'

IV. viii. In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.

IV. viii. 2. '*hasty Germans*'; S. Walker, '*lusty*'; Cartwright, '*hardy*.'

IV. viii. 43. '*water-flowing tears*'; Capell, '*water-flowing eyes*'; Collier MS., '*bitter-flowing tears*'; Vaughan, '*wet o'erflowing tears*.'

IV. viii. 61. '*hoped-for hay*'; Quartos, '*hope for haie*'; Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to '*hope for aye*.'

V. i. 6. '*Daintry*,' popular pronunciation of Daventry.

V. i. 50. '*I had*'; Pope, '*I'd*.'

V. i. 73. '*Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset*'; "Edmund, slain at the battle of St Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).

V. i. 78. '*whom an*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*whom, an*'; Folio 1, '*whom, in*.'

V. i. 86. '*That Clarence is*'; Steevens conj. '*Clarence, so harsh, so blunt*'; Quartos, '*so harsh*' (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. '*so harsh, so blind*'; Mitford, '*so harsh*' or '*so blunt*'; S. Walker, '*blunt-unnatural*'; Anon. conj. '*brute-unnatural*.'

V. i. 91. '*Jephthah's*'; Rowe, '*Jephthah's*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Iephah*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Jeptah*.'

V. ii. 44. '*clamour*,' Warburton's reading from Quartos; Folios, '*cannon*.'

V. ii. 47-49. The arrangement of the lines in the Quartos; they form three lines in Folios, and have been variously arranged by editors.

V. iii. 5. '*our glorious sun*,' alluding to the cognizance of Edward.

Notes THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

V. iv. 18. '*The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings*'; S. Walker, '*Our . . . our,*' or '*These . . . our,*' etc.; Cartwright, '*Our . . . the,*' etc.; Pope, '*tacklings still*'; Johnson, '*tackling still*'; '*tacklings*' is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.

V. iv. 75. '*mine eyes*'; Capell (from Quartos); Folios, '*my eye.*'

V. v. 1. '*Naw here*'; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Now here's*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Lo, here.*'

V. v. 2. '*Hames*'; the reading of Quartos and Folios; '*Ham*' in Picardy; Rowe reads '*Hammes*'; Hanmer, '*Holmes*'; Capell, '*Hammes*'; Delius, '*Ham's.*'

V. v. 38. '*thou*'; Rowe (from Quarto 3); Folios (Quartos 1, 2), '*the.*'

V. v. 50. '*The Tower, the Tower*'; Capell's reading; Folios, '*Tawer, the Tower*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out*'; Steevens, '*The Tawer, man, Tower!*'

V. v. 77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Quartos; Folio 1, '*Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,*' etc.

V. vi. 20. '*fool*'; Seymour conj. (from Quartos), '*fowl.*'

V. vi. 41. '*Men for their sons, wives for their husbands*'; Anon. conj. (from Quartos), '*Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons*'; Folio 1, '*sonnes, . . . husbands*'; Folio 2, '*sonnes, . . . husbands fate*'; Folios 3, 4, '*sons . . . husbands fate*'; Warburton, '*sons . . . husbands' fate*'; Knight, '*sons' . . . husbands,*' etc.

V. vi. 45. '*aboding luckless time*'; Quartos, '*aboding . . . tune*'; Theobald, '*a boding . . . tune.*'

V. vi. 48. '*discords*'; Grant White (from Quartos), '*discord.*'

V. vi. 51. '*To wit, an indigested and deformed lump*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*to wit an indigest deformed lump*'; Dyce (Capell conj.) omits '*to wit.*'

V. vi. 79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Quartos, '*I had no father, I am like no father.*'

V. vii. 30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Gla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* was first printed in 1597, with the following title-page:—"The Tragedy of | King Richard the Third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it hath been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his servants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. | "

This edition, known as Quarto 1, was reprinted more or less correctly in subsequent Quartos issued in the years 1598 (Quarto 2), 1602 (Quarto 3), 1605 (Quarto 4), 1612 (Quarto 5), 1622 (Quarto 6), 1629 (Quarto 7), 1634 (Quarto 8); each of these issues followed its immediate predecessor, except in the case of the 1612 edition, which was printed from the Quarto of 1602: in the second and subsequent Quartos the name of the author (*By William Shakespeare*) was added.

The First and Second Folios give the title of the play as follows:—

"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field."

The Text. The textual problems connected with *Richard the Third* are of a complicated nature, owing to the many differences between the Quarto version and that of the Folio. The main differences may be grouped under the following heads:—(1) The Folio contains nearly 200 lines which are not found in the Quarto,* while the Quarto contains at

* *Viz.* :—I. ii. 16, 25, 155-167; iii. 116, 167-169; iv. 36, 37, 69-72, 113, 114, 216, 260-263, 267, 269; II. i. 67; ii. 89-100, 123-140; III. i. 172-174; iii. 7, 8, 15; iv. 104-107; v. 7, 103-105; vii. 5, 6, 37, 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, 245; IV. i. 2-6, 37, 98-104; iv. 20, 21, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221-234, 276, 277, 288-342, 400; V. iii. 27, 28, 43.

least one notable passage not found in the Folio (IV. ii. 103-120); (2) it gives alterations of the Quarto, which could not have been intended by Shakespeare; * (3) in a great many cases it removes (a) gross and obvious metrical defects,† (b) imaginary metrical irregularities of the Quarto;‡ (4) it introduces a number of alterations to avoid repeating the same word; § (5) it often modifies, ‘certain terms of phrase and use of words,’ which had evidently become obsolete, e.g. *which* is changed to *that*; *betwixt* to *between*; *thou wert* to *thou wast*; *yea* to *I (aye)*; *more* to *more*, or *other*; *you* to *thou*; (6) there are besides certain minute verbal changes in the Folio, the reason for which is not so clear as in the previous cases, but probably in most instances they are due to euphony; || (7) the stage-directions in the Folio are fuller and more accurate than those in the Quarto.

Which is the Best Authority? Critics are divided on this point, some championing the cause of the Quartos, others of the Folios; the chief representatives of the former party are the Cambridge Editors; of the latter James Spedding, Delius, Daniel, etc.

(i.) According to the Cambridge Editors, some such scheme as the following will best account for the phenomena of the text:—



Where A_1 is the Author's original MS.; B_1 a transcript by another

* E.g. ‘*Unmannered dog, standst thou when I command*’ (I. ii. 39).

‘*Or let me die, to look on earth no more*’ (II. iv. 65).

† E.g. ‘*And when my uncle told me so he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father*’ (II. ii. 23-25).

Cp. the Quarto version:—

‘*And when he told me so, he wept
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek
And bade me rely on him as on my father.*’

‡ E.g. ‘*I do remember me, Henry the Sixth,*’ instead of ‘*As I remember, Henry the Sixth*’ (IV. ii. 98); (i.e. *Henry the Sixth*).

§ E.g. ‘*Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in stumbling (Folios, falling)
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard*’ (I. iv. 18).
‘*By heaven my heart (Folios, soul) is purged from grudging hate
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love*’ (II. i. 9).

|| E.g. ‘*To bring (Folios, bear) this tidings to the bloody King,*’ (IV. iii. 22).
‘*The imperial metal circling now thy brow*’ (Folios, head); (IV. iv. 382).

hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, while A_2 is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, interlinear, marginal, and on inserted leaves; B_2 a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author, and perhaps a very short time before 1623. From B_2 the Folio text was printed; the writer of B_2 had perhaps occasionally recourse to the Quarto of 1602 to supplement passages which, by its being frayed or stained, had become illegible in A_2 (v. page x., Camb. ed.).

"Assuming the truth of this hypothesis," the Cambridge Editors conclude, "the object of an editor must be to give in the text as near an approximation as possible to A_2 , rejecting from F_1 all that is due to the unknown writer of B_2 and supplying its place from Q_1 , which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse, and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. . . . *Ceteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto.*"

(ii.) James Spedding, in an exhaustive essay on the subject,* contested this view, maintaining "that the text of the Folio (errors being corrected or allowed for) represents the result of Shakespeare's own latest version, and approaches nearest to the form in which he wished it to stand," that the First Quarto was printed without preparation for the press or superintendence by himself, and that he began to prepare a corrected and amended copy, but had not leisure to complete this new version.†

Delius anticipated Spedding in his inquiry,‡ and came to an even more determined conclusion as regards the superiority of the Folio; according to him a nameless corrector had tampered with the original MS. before it went to the printer in 1597, while the true text appears in the Folio version.

Mr Daniel (*Facsimile Reprint of Quarto 1*) is also in favour of the Folio "as the basis of the text"; after a careful analysis of the early Quartos he comes to the conclusion that the Folio version was printed from a copy

* *On the corrected edition of Richard III.*, pp. 1-75, *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6.

† *Ibid.* v. p. 190, where Spedding summed up his views, after considering Mr Pickersgill's objections (pp. 77-124).

‡ v. German Shakespeare Society's Year Book, Vol. VII.

of Quarto 6, altered "in accordance with the theatrical MS. which the transcriber had before him."

(iii.) Surveying all the evidence, the present writer thinks it possible to take a somewhat neutral position; the partisanship of the two schools seems too determined in its devotion to the one text or the other. Whatever may be the history of the First Quarto it certainly goes back to the author's MS., probably abridged for acting purposes; but on the whole it is a careless piece of printing; whatever may be the history of the First Folio version, one can certainly trace in it the touch of a hand other than Shakespeare's; * the editor did his work with insufficient caution, though comparatively few changes for the worse are intentionally his; he probably had a Third or Sixth Quarto collated with an unabridged MS., ordering an untrustworthy assistant to correct the printed copy, and to add the omitted passages; subsequently he probably read through the whole, amending here and there, and not troubling to consult the MS. too often. Hence the genuineness of most of the added passages, and the doubtful character of so many of the smaller changes.

The Date of Composition. Authorities are agreed in assigning *Richard III.* to 1594 or thereabouts, relying mainly on the internal evidence of style, especially the manifest influence of Marlowe; in considering this influence it must be borne in mind that the play belongs naturally to the group of history plays dealing with the House of York, and links itself intimately to 2 *Henry VI.*, and 3 *Henry VI.* Noteworthy Marlowan characteristics are the following:—(a) Richard, like Tamburlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas, monopolises the whole action of the Drama; (b) the characters of this play of passion seem intended, for the most part, merely to set off the hero's "ideal villainy"; (c) the absence of evolution of character in the hero; (d) the hero's consciousness and avowal of his villainy; (e) the tone of the play is often lyrical or epical rather than dramatic (e.g. the lamentation of the women, II. ii.; IV. i.); (f) blank verse is used throughout, while prose and the lyrical forms found in the earlier plays are conspicuously absent. The play of Richard III. was evidently Shakespeare's experiment—his only experiment—in the Marlowan method of

* E.g. 'My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity' (I. i. 64).

Q. 1. 'That tempers him to this extremity.'

Q. 2. 'That tempts him to this extremity.'

Q. 3. 'That tempts him to this extremity.'

Spedding held there is nothing to choose between the two lines, but there seems all the difference in the world between the Folio and Quarto reading.

tragedy, but in one respect, at least, Shakespeare shows himself no blind follower of Marlowe; he weaves Nemesis into the play and shows its consummation in Richard's fall, hence the significance of Margaret's fateful presence, haunting the scenes like some prophetic Chorus of ancient Drama.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes*, printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the 22nd Epigram, addressed *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, mention is made of *Romeo* and *Richard* as well-known characters, and the reference is evidently to *Richard III.*, and not to *Richard II.** Possibly, too, the wooing of Estrild in the old play of *Locrine* is imitated, as Mr Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*) has suggested, from *Richard III.*, I. ii.; *Locrine* was first printed in 1595.

The Source of the Plot. Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard the Third*, incorporated by Hall & Holinshed in their histories, is the ultimate source of the play. Shakespeare evidently used the second edition of Holinshed, copying a mistake which occurs only in that edition. The wooing of Queen Anne, as well as Queen Margaret's part, are, however, purely imaginary (*cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, II. 60-117).

Possibly Shakespeare borrowed a few hints from an earlier play written before 1588, and published in 1594, entitled—"The True Tragedie of Richard the Third."† To Dr Legge's Latin play (acted at Cambridge before 1583) he certainly owed nothing.

There were several other plays on this subject, probably one, wholly or in part, by Ben Jonson (*vide* Henslowe's *Diary*, 22nd June 1602), called *Richard Crookback*, and another, now lost, perhaps more intimately connected with Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of *Richard III.*, as analysed by Mr Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society Trans.* 1877-79), covers eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. The total *dramatic* time is probably within one month.

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day 2*, Act I. Sc. iii., iv.; Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day 3*, Act II. Sc. iii. *Interval*; for the journey to Ludlow.

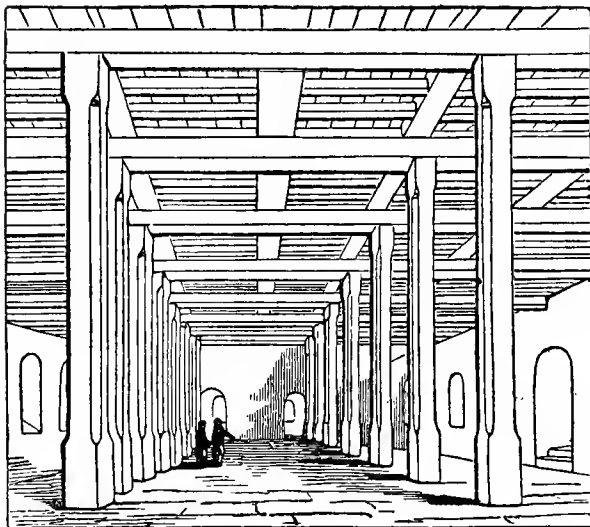
* "*Romeo, Richard; more, whose names I know not.*"

† Reprinted by *Shakespeare Society*, 1844, from the only perfect copy extant.—*N.B.*—In the old play we find "*A horse, a horse, a fresh horse,*" also, Richard's reference to the ghosts of his victims "*crying for revenge.*" The same Society printed *Richard's Vision*, a seventeenth century poem founded on Shakespeare's play, containing an interesting reference thereto.

Preface TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

Day 4, Act II. Sc. iv. Day 5, Act III. Sc. i. Day 6, Act III. Sc. ii.-vii. Day 7, Act IV. Sc. i. Day 8, Act IV. Sc. ii.-v. Interval; Richard's march to Salisbury. Day 9, Act V. Sc. i. Interval; Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester. Day 10, Act V. Sc. ii., and first half of Sc. iii. Day 11, Act V., second half of Sc. iii. Day 11, Act V., second half of Sc. iii., and Sc. iv., v.

The *historic* time is from about the date of Henry VI.'s obsequies, May 1471 to the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August 1485



Interior of the Great Council Room on the upper storey of the White Tower.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

‘If we compare the speeches [of Edmund in *Lear*, and of Iago in *Othello*] with Richard’s, and in like manner if we compare the way in which Iago’s plot is first sown, and springs up and gradually grows and ripens in his brain, with Richard’s downright enunciation of his projected series of crimes from the first, we may discern the contrast between the youth and the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived upon earth, a contrast almost equally observable in the difference between the diction and metre of the two plays, and not unlike that between a great river rushing along turbidly in Spring, bearing the freshly melted snows from Alpine mountains, with flakes of light scattered here and there over its surface, and the same river, when its waters have subsided into their autumnal tranquillity, and compose a vast mirror for the whole landscape around them, and for the sun and stars and sky and clouds overhead.”

HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,* } *sons to the King.*

RICHARD, *Duke of York,*

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III.,* } *brothers to the King.*

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard*

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England.*

The Tragedy of King Richard III.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity :
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain, 30
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence
comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day : what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,

To be her men and wear her livery : 80

The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so ; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the king 90
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glou. Her husband, knave : wouldst thou betray me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's subjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :

Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120

But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home ;

The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

And overmuch consumed his royal person : 140

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,

Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live : 150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in !

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father ?

The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is to become her husband and her father :

The which will I ; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market : 160

Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns :

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it ; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son, 10
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds !
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it !
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness !
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee !
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there ; 30
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man : 70
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not ?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries : 100
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou. Your bed-chamber. 111

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect. 120

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth you.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead !

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open : she offers
at it with his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry, 180
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[Here she lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,

That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ; 191

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope ? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

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Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place ;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too, 220

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glou. No, to White-Friars ; therè attend my coming.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her ; but I will not keep her long. 230

What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ? 250

On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass.

And entertain some score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost. 260

But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;

And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

Scene III.

*The palace.**Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.*

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet :
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of
Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby ? 30

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer with
him ?

Buck. Madam, we did : he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well ! but that will never be :
I fear our happiness is at the highest. 41

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal person—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provoked by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

Which in your outward actions shows itself

Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad, 70

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends':

God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

Myself disgraced, and the nobility

Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions 80

Are daily given to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause 90
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may
she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king, 100
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak ; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :

Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends :

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick ;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's ;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine : 141
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king :
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar :

Far be it from my heart, the thought of it ! 150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being thè queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !

Which of you trembles not that looks on me ? 160

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?

O gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my
sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me ; 170

And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance :

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ; 180
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ? 190
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence ! 201
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !

Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag !

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell ! 230
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glou. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against
yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your
duty. 250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ; alas ! alas !

Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Have done ! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me :

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame ;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !
Look, when he fawns, he bites : and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death : 291
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you; 320
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls ;
Namely to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham ;
And say it is the queen and her allies 330
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft ! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates ! 340
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?

First Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.

[Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush ! 350

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads : about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brak. What was your dream ? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
Lord, Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, ' What scourge for perjury 50
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? '
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud,
' Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury :
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;
" I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone ;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your grace good rest !
[*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imagination, 80
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither ?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief ?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.

Show him our commission ; talk no more. 90

[*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands : 111

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep :

I'll to the king ; and signify to him

That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom : fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ? 100

First Murd. No ; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid ?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for 110 it ; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while : I hope my holy humour will change ; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now ? 120

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies : I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now ?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go ; there's few or none will 130 entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again ?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it : it is a dangerous thing : it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; he cannot swear, but it checks him ; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him : it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found ; it beggars 140 any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot 150 prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him. 159

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly thou dost speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to— 171

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men 180

To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me ?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me : 190

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder : and wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too : 201

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law

to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? 210

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister, 220

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life, 230

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester
hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep. 240

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:

'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,

He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee

From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my
lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul, 251

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,

That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?

Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on

To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, 260

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress:

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord. 269

First Murd. Take that, and that : if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art !

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art. 280

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take order for his burial :

And when I have my meed, I must away ;

For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset,
Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so : now have I done a good day's work :

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king ;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset ; Buckingham, nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love lord
marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

On you or yours, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham, 41
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity; 60
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds, 70
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

[They all start.]

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

Riv. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried. 90
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace : my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother slew no man ; his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was cruel death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my rage,

Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised ?

Who spake of brotherhood ? who spake of love ?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ? 110

Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said ' Dear brother, live, and be a king ' ?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his own garments, and gave himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :

But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life ;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130
 O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor
 Clarence ! *[Exeunt some with King and Queen.*
Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
 O, they did urge it still unto the king !
 God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
 To comfort Edward with our company.
Buck. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt. 140*

Scene II.

The palace.

*Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children
of Clarence.*

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your
breast, and cry ' O Clarence, my unhappy son ' ?

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.

I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loath to lose him ; not your father's death ; 10

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this :

God will revenge it ; whom I will importune

With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you
well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle Gloucester

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen, 21

Devised impeachments to imprison him :

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my
cheek ;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile !

He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears ; Rivers
and Dorset after her.*

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune and torment myself ?

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :

Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd ?

Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone ?

If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And lived by looking on his images : 50

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,

And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,

Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,

Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60

To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation ;

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.

Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward ! 71

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these moans ! 80

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they :

Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd

Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing : 90

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son : send straight for
him ;

Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings,
and Ratcliff.*

Glou. Madam, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
I did not see your grace : humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen ; and make me die a good old man !
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing : 110
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent, 130
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I. 140

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. }
Duch. } With all our hearts.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory, 151
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

London. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met : whither away so fast ?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself :

Hear you the news abroad ?

First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better :

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death ?

Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10

Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child !

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,

That in his nonage council under him,

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Cit. Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends,
God wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel ; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all ;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester !
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before. 30

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all shall be well.

Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread :

Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle
Gloucester,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace:'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21

Duch. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then? 41

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; blood against blood,
Self against self : O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go ;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70
The seal I keep : and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :

Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. II

Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York 20

Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : what, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place : 50

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, 61
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live
long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —

Buck. What, my gracious lord ? 90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother ?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear. 120

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower,

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,
Buckingham and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way; 160

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose; 171

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,

And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William : tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,

Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. 190

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glou. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do :

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables

Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. 200

[*Exeunt.*]

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby,—

60

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder.

I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

70

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby;

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

80

And never in my life, I do protest,

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt :

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90

What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.]

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, 100

Than when I met thee last where now we meet :

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;

But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.]

Purs. God save your lordship.

[Exit.]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart. 111

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers in his ear.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st
it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buck-
ingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace :
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

The Tower of London.

*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff,
Lovell, with others, and take their seats at a table.*

Hast. My lords, at once : the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak : when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?

Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine 11
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. 31

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Drawing him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*]

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for
these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day; 50
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say. 60

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill :
See how I am bewitch'd ; behold, mine arm 70
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor :
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done : 80
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*]

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Rat. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks, 100

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Low. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard ! miserable England !

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :

They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

The Tower-walls.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy
colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then begin again, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror ?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices, 10
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone ?

Glou. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there !

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies,

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us ! 20

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester ?

May. What, had he so ?

40

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels ?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution ?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserved his death ;

And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

50

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his death ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason ;
That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

60

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :

And doubt you not, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend : 70
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury 80
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ; 90
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops. 100
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

And to give notice, that no manner of person

At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together:

Eleven hours I spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;

The precedent was full as long a-doing:

And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so
gross,

10

That seeth not this palpable device?

Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,

When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

*Baynard's Castle.**Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.**Glou.* How now, my lord, what say the citizens ?*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?*Buck.* I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France ;

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives ;

His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in France,

10

And his resemblance, being not like the duke :

Withal I did infer your lineaments,

Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;

Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose

Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse :

And when mine oratory grew to an end,

20

I bid them that did love their country's good

Cry ' God save Richard, England's royal king ! '

Glou. Ah ! and did they so ?*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;

But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,

Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30
Then he was urged to tell my tale again :
' Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke in-
ferr'd ; '

But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried ' God save King
Richard ! '

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
' Thanks, gentle citizens and friends ! ' quoth I,
' This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard ; ' 40
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they ! would they not
speak ?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand : intend some fear ;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord ;
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
And be not easily won to our request ; 50
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,
What says he ?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day : 60
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.* 70

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. 80

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

Cate. My lord,

He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him ; 90
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops.

Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100
Lend favourable ears to our request ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology :
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your
grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit 130

Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,

And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 150
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects, 160
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were ;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170

On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow— 180
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy :
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty :

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart 210

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kin,

And egally indeed to all estates,—

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house :

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens : 'zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham. 220

[Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit :

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care ?

Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load : 230

But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach

Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:

Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240

May. and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.

Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! why, who's that?

Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 20
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?

I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to West-
minster,

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immured within your walls ! 100

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned ; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !

Buck. My gracious sovereign ?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth the throne.*]

Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these honours for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last !

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed :

Young Edward lives : think now what I would say.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord. 11

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief. 20

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he
bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes: 30
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

[*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel :
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath ?

Enter Stanley.

How now ! what news with you ?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. *[Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby ! 50

Cate. My lord ?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die :
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon, 60
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 71

Tyr. Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,

Tyrrel: 80

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord. 90

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just demand ?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, 100
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord !

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond ! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont : at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once, 110
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord !

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day. 120

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

Buck. Is it even so ? rewards he my true service

With such deep contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on ! *[Exit.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes':
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms : 11
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my
mind ;
But O ! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd ;
Whilst Dighton thus told on : 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
They could not speak ; and so I left them both, 21
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, 20
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood ! 30

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I ?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ; 40
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss :
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80

That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;

The presentation of but what I was ;

The flattering index of a direful pageant ;

One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;

A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes ;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A sign of dignity, a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ; 90

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?

Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?

Who sues to thee, and cries ' God save the queen ' ?

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ?

Where be the thronging troops that followed thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art :

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ; 100

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110

Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 120
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like
mine. *[Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart. 131

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum : be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done !

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right, 141
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech. 160

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy; 168
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd
your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ; 180

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ; 190

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood 199

For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ; 231
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul :
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers ;

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : who should be
else ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. I, even I : what think you of it, madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. 270

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave

Edward and York ; then haply she will weep :

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.

If this inducement force her not to love,

Send her a story of thy noble acts ; 280

Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,

Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter :

A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ; 300

They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

- What ! we have many goodly days to see : 320
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys : 330
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.
- Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say ? her father's brother
Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?
- K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
- Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
- K. Rich.* Say that the king, which may command, entreats.
- Q. Eliz.* That at her hands which the king's King forbids.
- K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
- Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.
- K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.
- Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title 'ever' last ? 350
- K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style. 360

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:

The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory. 371

If something thou wilt swear to be believed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by God—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain : 380
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 390
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay :

It cannot be avoided but by this ; 410

It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—

Be the attorney of my love to her :

Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself ? 420

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so, farewell.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 430

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

Enter Ratcliff ; Catesby following.

How now ! what news ?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back :

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk : 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to
Salisbury :

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull un-
mindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby : bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What is't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you ?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing ;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad ! 460
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess ?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ? 471

What heir of York is there alive but we ?

And who is England's king but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea ?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege ; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back ?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers ? 481

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard : what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign :
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please. 490

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well,

Go muster men ; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 500
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?

[He striketh him.

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy :

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

- Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. 521
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.
- K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies, 531
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

- Cate.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken ;
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.
- K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. 540
- [Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene V.

Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.

- Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That in the sty of this most bloody boar

Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear, 20
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Bosworth Field.

*Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of
Surrey, and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night:

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car 20

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small strength.

My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 40
And give him from me this poor needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :
In to our tent ! the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff,
Catesby, and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o' clock ?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
It's nine o' clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ! 50

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumber-
land?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,

About the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others
attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the abitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon :
God give us leisure for these rites of love ! 101
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.]

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! 120

[To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the
wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richard] When I was mortal, my anointed
body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

• Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!

[To Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! 131

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of
Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die ! 140

Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy
soul despair !

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with
guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance : despair, and die !

All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in
Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake ! awake !
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in
the Tower : 151

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and
wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne
thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep :

Dream of success and happy victory !

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the
crown ;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid :

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
starts out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse : bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. 181
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why :
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself ! 190
I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all ' Guilty ! guilty !'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul will pity me : 201
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. 'Zounds ! who is there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ; 210
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all
true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 220
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
der'd, 230

Came to my tent, and cried on victory :
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side; 240
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword, 261
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.* 270

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

R. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey, then ?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so indeed it is.

[*The clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power : 290

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered :

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot ! What think'st thou,
Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He sheweth him a paper.*]

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe : 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; 320
You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I
hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; 340
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ! 350
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum : excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting ;
to him Catesby.*

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger :
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends !
The day is ours ; the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ; 10
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

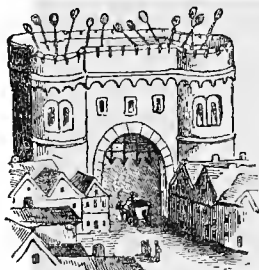
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again : 40
That she may long live here, God say amen !

[*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD III.

Glossary.

Abate, make dull, blunt; V. v. 35.
Abjects, "the most servile of subjects"; I. i. 106.
Abroach; "set a.," am the cause of; I. iii. 325.
Account, number, reckoning; V. iii. 11.
Account, count upon (used quibblingly); 'For they account his head upon the bridge,' i.e. on Traitors' Gate at the Southwark end of London Bridge; III. ii. 72.



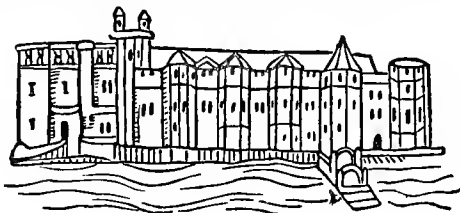
Traitors' Gate.

From Visscher's *View of London*, c. 1620.

Acquit, acquitted; V. v. 3.
Acquittance, acquit; III. vii. 233.
Adulterate, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.
Advance, raise; V. iii. 264.
Advantage, opportunity (Folios, "vantage"); III. v. 74.
Advantaging, increasing; IV. iv. 323.
Adventure, risk, hazard; I. iii. 116.
Adverse, opposing; IV. iv. 190.
Advertised, informed; IV. iv. 501.
Advised, "well a.," in sound senses, "not mad"; I. iii. 318.

Advised, "be a.," reflect, consider; II. i. 107.
Aery, brood of an eagle or hawk, a brood of nestlings; I. iii. 264.
Affected; "doth stand a.," is disposed; III. i. 171.
A-high, on high; IV. iv. 86.
Almost; "cannot almost," i.e. can hardly; II. iii. 39.
Amaze, affright; V. iii. 341.
Ambling, moving in an affected manner; I. i. 17.
Amity, friendship; I. iii. 281.
Ancient, old; III. i. 182.
Annoy, injury, harm; V. iii. 156.
Anointed, consecrated by unction; one of the ceremonials in the coronation of sovereigns; IV. i. 62.
Answer, answer for, be responsible for; IV. ii. 97.
Apparent, manifest; III. v. 30.
Arbitrement, decision; V. iii. 89.
Arch, wicked; IV. iii. 2.
As, that (Folios, "that"); III. iv. 40.
At once, in brief, without more ado; III. iv. 1.
Atonement, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.
Attainder, taint; III. v. 32.
Attorney; "by a.," by proxy; V. iii. 83.
Aweless, inspiring no awe (Quartos, "lawlesse"); II. iv. 52.
Baited at, harassed, worried; I. iii. 109.
Bar, debar, exclude; III. ii. 54.
Barbed, armed and harnessed for war; I. i. 10.
Basilisk, the fabulous creature supposed to kill by its look; v. "cockatrice"; I. ii. 151.

- Battalion*, army (Folios, "*Battalia*"; perhaps = Italian *battaglia*, battle); V. iii. 11.
Battle, army; V. iii. 88.
Baynard's Castle, the residence of Richard, Duke of York; on south bank of the Thames; III. v. 98. *Broken*, broken up, done away with; II. ii. 117.
Brook'd, borne, endured; I. i. 125.
Bruising irons, destroying weapons; referring to the heavy iron maces used in battle; V. iii. 110.
Bulk, body; I. iv. 40.



Baynard's Castle.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

- Beads*, rosary; III. vii. 93.
Beaver, helmet; V. iii. 50.
Beholding, beholden; II. i. 129.
Belike, perhaps, probably; I. i. 49.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. i. 100.
Betide, become; I. iii. 6.
Bettering, magnifying; IV. iv. 122.
Bid, bore; IV. iv. 304.
Bobb'd, drubbed, thumped; V. iii. 334.
Book, note-book; III. v. 27.
Boot, given into the bargain; IV. iv. 65.
Boot, "to b.," i.e. for our help; V. iii. 301.
Bootless, useless; III. iv. 104.
Bottled, bloated; I. iii. 242.
Bought and sold, deceived, betrayed; a proverbial phrase; V. iii. 305.
Braved, made brave, adorned; V. iii. 279.
Brecknock, Brecknock Castle in South Wales; IV. ii. 126.
Bridge, i.e. London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were placed; III. ii. 72. (*Cp. s.v. 'Account.'*)
Brief, quick, speedy; II. ii. 43.
Bunch-back'd, hunch-backed; I. iii. 246.
Burthen'd, burdensome; IV. iv. 111.
Bustle, stir, be active; I. i. 152.
But, only; I. iii. 194.
By, near, close at hand; IV. ii. 104.
Cacodemon, evil demon, evil spirit; I. iii. 144.
Caitiff, wretch; IV. iv. 100.
Capable, quick to apprehend, of good capacity; III. i. 155.
Caparison, put on the trappings, cover with a horsecloth; V. iii. 289.
Careful, full of care; I. iii. 83.
Carnal, flesh-eating, bloodthirsty; IV. iv. 56.
Censures, opinions; II. ii. 144.
Chair, throne; IV. iv. 470.
Chamber, London was called the king's chamber soon after the Conquest; III. i. 1.
Characters, used quibblingly in double sense (1) written signs, (2) marked dispositions; III. i. 81.
Charge, command, post; V. iii. 25.

Charge; "given in c.," commanded; I. i. 85.
Charges, expense; I. ii. 256.
Charity; "my charity," the charity shown to me; I. iii. 277.
Cheerly, cheerfully; V. ii. 14.
Christian (trisyllabic); III. v. 26.
Circumstance, detailed argument; I. ii. 77.
Cited up, recounted; I. iv. 14.
Close, strictly confined; IV. ii. 54.
Close, secret; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35.
Closely, secretly; III. i. 159.
Closure, enclosure; III. iii. 11.
Cloudy, having cloudy looks; II. ii. 112.
Cockatrice, a fabulous creature supposed to kill by its glance; (*v. "basilisk"*); IV. i. 55.
Cock-shut time, twilight ("*cock-shut*" = a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, generally set in the dusk of the evening); V. iii. 70.
Cog, deceive, cheat; I. iii. 48.
Competitors, confederates; IV. iv. 506.
Complots, plots; III. i. 192.
Conceit, conception, idea; III. iv. 51.
Concluded, officially recorded; I. iii. 15.
Condition, disposition; IV. iv. 157.
Conduct, escort; I. i. 45.
Confirm'd; "thy age c.," thy ripper years; IV. iv. 171.
Consequence, sequel; IV. iv. 6.
Considerate, observant; IV. ii. 30.
Consorted, joined, associated; III. iv. 73.
Content, pay, satisfy; III. ii. 113.
Contract, contracted; III. vii. 179.
Conversation, intercourse; III. v. 31.
Conveyance; "madest quick c.," quickly removed; IV. iv. 283.
Convict, convicted; I. iv. 192.
Corse, corpse, body; I. ii. 32.
Costard, a humorous expression for the head; properly, a kind of apple; I. iv. 159.
Counted, accounted; IV. i. 47.

Cousins, grandchildren; II. ii. 8; nephew; III. i. 2.
Covert'st, most secret; III. v. 33.
Cozen'd, cheated, deceived (with a play upon "*cousins*"); IV. iv. 222.
Crosby place, the palace of Richard, when Duke of Gloster, still standing in Bishopsgate Street (Folios "*Crosby House*"); I. ii. 213.



Crosby Place.

From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Cross-row, alphabet; "so called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm" (Nares); originally "*Christ-cross-row*"; corrupted into "*criss-cross-row*"; then into "*cross-row*"; I. i. 55.
Crown, head; III. ii. 43.
Current, genuine; I. ii. 84.
Curst, shrewish; I. ii. 49.
Dally, trifle; II. i. 12.
Dangerous; "d. success," doubtful issue; IV. iv. 236.
Date, term, period of duration; IV. iv. 254.
Dear, extreme; I. iv. 215.
Dear, used in double sense (1) dearly loved, (2) intensely severe; II. ii. 77.

Glossary

Death; "the d.," an old idiom especially used with reference to penal death; I. ii. 179.

Debase, lower, degrade (Folios, "abase"); I. ii. 247.

Declension, decline; III. vii. 189.

Decline, "run through from first to last, as in declining, or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar" (Malone); IV. iv. 97.

Defend, forbid; III. vii. 173.

Defused, disordered, shapeless; ("de-fused" (Folios 3, 4, *diffus'd*) infection" suggested by "divine perfection," I. 75); I. ii. 78.

Demise, grant, bequeath; (Folios 2, 3, 4, "devise"); IV. iv. 247.

Denier, the smallest coin; a tenth part of a penny; I. ii. 252.

Deny, refuse; V. iii. 343.

Descant, variations on a plain-song; III. vii. 49.

Descant, used probably in its technical sense, "to sing a part extempore upon a plain-song"; I. i. 27.

Descried, spied out, discovered; V. iii. 9.

Determined, resolved upon; I. iii. 15.

Determine of, decide upon; III. iv. 2.

Devoted, pious, holy; I. ii. 35.

Devotion, engrossing love; IV. i. 9.

Dickon, Dick; V. iii. 305.

Diet, mode of life; I. i. 139.

Direction; "of sound d.," skilful in military tactics; V. iii. 16.

Disgracious, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; ungracious; IV. iv. 177.

Dissemble, "d. not," do not gloss over; II. i. 8.

Dissembling, deceitful; I. i. 19.

Dissentious, seditious, breeding discord (Quarto 2, "discentions"); I. iii. 46.

Distain, stain, defile; V. iii. 322.

Distraught, distracted; III. v. 4.

Divided, separate; ("divided councils," i.e. "a private consultation,

THE TRAGEDY OF

separate from the known and public councils"); III. i. 179.

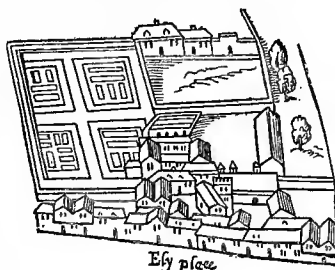
Dread, inspiring with reverence (all editions with exception of Quartos 1, 2 read "deare"); III. i. 97.

Effect, execution; I. ii. 120.

Equally, equally; III. vii. 213.

Elvish-mark'd, marked and disfigured by the fairies (Folios 1, 2, "eluish mark'd"; Folio 3, "elvish, mark'd"); I. iii. 228.

Ely House, in Holborn; III. iv. 32-3.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Embassage, embassy, message; II. i. 3.

Embracements, embraces; II. i. 30.

Empery, empire; III. vii. 136.

Enacts, performs; V. iv. 2.

Endured of, endured by; IV. iv. 304.

Enforced, forced; III. v. 46.

Enforcement, compulsion; III. vii. 233.

Enfranchise, release; I. i. 110.

England (trisyllabic); IV. iv. 263.

Engross, make gross, pamper; III. vii. 76.

Ensuing, impending (Folios "Pursuing"); II. iii. 43.

Entertain, employ; I. ii. 257.

Entreat, treat, use; IV. iv. 151.

Entreats, entreaties; ("entreaties"); III. vii. 225.

Envious, malicious; I. iii. 26.

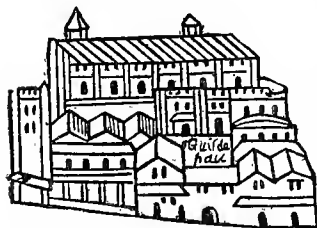
- Envy*, hatred; IV. i. 100.
Erroneous, mistaken; I. iv. 194.
Excellent, supreme; IV. iv. 52.
Except, excepted; V. iii. 243.
Exclaims, exclamations, outcries; I. ii. 52.
Exercise, technically, an exposition of Scripture; performance of religious duties; III. ii. 112.
Exhales, draws forth; I. ii. 58.
Expedient, expeditious; I. ii. 217.
Expiate (v. note); III. iii. 23.
Extremity, extreme measure; I. i. 65.

Faction for, partisans of; I. iii. 128.
Fain, gladly; I. iv. 273.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 151.
Fairest-boding, prophesying success, of good omen; V. iii. 227.
Faithful; "f. man," i.e. a believer, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.
Fall, let fall; V. iii. 135.
False-boding, prophesying falsely; I. iii. 247.
Father-in-law, step-father; V. iii. 81.
Faultless, innocent; I. iii. 178.
Fear, "fear him," fear for him, are anxious about him; I. i. 137.
Fearful, filled with fear; IV. ii. 126.
Fearful, full of fear; I. i. 11.
Feature, form, shape; I. i. 19.
Field, battle-field (Folios, "ground"); V. iii. 15.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; I. iii. 256.
Flaky, "scattering like flakes"; V. iii. 86.
Fleeting, inconstant, fickle; I. iv. 55.
Flesh'd, hardened; IV. iii. 6.
Flourish, mere ornament, embellishment; I. iii. 241.
Flouted, scorned (Quartos, "scorned"); II. i. 78.
Foil, metal placed beneath a gem to set it off (Folios, "soyle"); V. iii. 250.
Fond, foolish (Folios, "simple"); III. ii. 26.

Foot-cloth horse, horse with a foot-cloth or housings; III. iv. 86.
For, because; I. i. 58.
Foreward, vanguard; V. iii. 293.
Forfeit; "the f. of my servant's life," the forfeited life of my servant; II. i. 99.
For; "for hope," as regards hope, for want of hope; (Theobald, "for holpe"; Steevens, "forholpe"; Hamner, "for-sake"; Tyrwhitt, "fore-done"); V. iii. 173.
Formal, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.
Forswearing, perjury; I. iv. 201.
Forth of, away from; IV. iv. 176.
Foul, foully; III. ii. 44.
Frank'd up, cooped up in a frank or sty; I. iii. 314.
French nods, alluding to the affectation of French habits; I. iii. 49.
From, free from; III. v. 32; away from, IV. iv. 259; V. iii. 284.
Fulsome, nauseous; V. iii. 132.

Gain, gaining; III. ii. 47.
Gallant-springing, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 221.
Galled, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.
Garish, gaudy; IV. iv. 89.
Garland, crown; III. ii. 40.
Garter, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.
Gentle; "g. villain," i.e. nobly born v.; an ironical expression; I. iii. 163.
George, the figure of St George, which was part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.
Good time of day, a common form of greeting; I. i. 122.
Graced, blessed; IV. iv. 174.
Gossips, lit. godmothers, hence, used contemptuously for people of influence, patrons; I. i. 83.
Gracious, full of grace; II. iv. 20.
Gramercy, many thanks; III. ii. 108.

Gratulate, congratulate; IV. i. 10.
Graven, engraved, carved (Folios, "branded"); IV. iv. 141.
Gross, stupid, dull; III. vi. 10.
Grossly, stupidly (Quarto 1, "Grosslie"; Quarto 2, "Croselie"; the rest, "Crosly"); IV. i. 80.
Ground, plain-song; a musical term; III. vii. 49.
Guildhall III. v. 73.



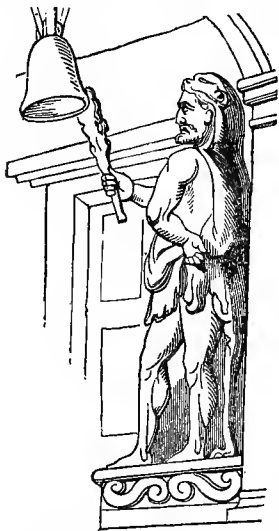
From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Gulls, dupes, fools; I. iii. 328.
Halberds, battle-axes fitted to long poles; I. ii.
Halt, limp; I. i. 23.
Handiwork, workmanship; IV. iv. 51.
Hap, fortune; I. ii. 17.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; IV. iv. 273.
Hatches, deck; I. iv. 13.
Haught, haughty; II. iii. 28.
Have done, be quiet, cease (Folios, "Peace, peace"); I. iii. 273.
Have with you, I'll go with you; III. ii. 92.
Heap, throng, crowd; II. i. 53.
Hearkens after, listens to, takes notice of; I. i. 54.
Heavily, sad; II. iii. 40.
Heavily, sadly, sorrowfully; I. iv. 1.
Heavy, grievous (Folios, "greeuous"); IV. iv. 187.
Helm, helmet; III. ii. 11.

Helpless, useless, unavailing; I. ii. 13.
Henry, trisyllabic; II. iii. 16.
High-reaching, ambitious, aspiring; IV. ii. 31.
High-swoln, exasperated, haughty; II. ii. 117.
His, its; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.
Holp, helped; I. ii. 107.
Honey, honeyed; IV. i. 80.
Hour (disyllabic); IV. i. 83.
Hoyday! heyday! IV. iv. 460.
Hull, lie to, drift with the tide; IV. iv. 438.
Humphrey hour (*v.* note); IV. iv. 175.

Idea, image; III. vii. 13.
Impatience (quadrisyllabic); IV. iv. 156.
Impeachments, accusations; II. ii. 22.
In, into; I. ii. 259; by, IV. i. 2.
Incapable, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.
Incensed, set on, incited; III. i. 152.
Inclusive, encircling; IV. i. 59.
Index, prelude, II. ii. 149; prologue, IV. iv. 85.
Induction, prologue, introduction; IV. iv. 5.
Inductions dangerous, "preparations for mischief; the induction is preparatory to the action of the play" (Johnson); I. i. 32.
Infer, allege; III. v. 75.
Innocency, innocence (Quarto 1, "innocence"); III. v. 20.
Instance, cause; III. ii. 25.
Intelligencer, agent; IV. iv. 71.
Intend, pretend; III. vii. 45.
Intending, pretending; III. v. 8.
Interior, inward; I. iii. 65.
Invoke, invoke; I. ii. 8.
Inward, intimate; III. iv. 8.
Iron-twitted, insensible, dull; IV. ii. 28.
I wis, i-wis, certainly, truly; I. iii. 102.

Jack, mean, low-born fellow, a term of contempt, I. iii. 72, 73; '*Jack o' the clock*,' a figure which in old clocks struck the hours, IV. ii. 118.



From the specimen formerly at St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Jet, to strut proudly, to encroach (Folios, "*jut*"); II. iv. 51.

Jot, a little, the least possible quantity; II. i. 70.

Jumpeth, accords; III. i. 11.

Just, as good as his word; I. i. 36.

Key-cold, extremely cold, used proverbially (Hanmer, "*clay-cold*"); I. ii. 5.

Labour, work for, effect; I. iv. 247.

Lackey, footboy, servant (used adjectivally); V. iii. 317.

Lag, late, tardily; II. i. 90.

Laid, cast (Folios, "*cast*"); I. iii. 327.

Lanced, pierced (Folios, "*lanch'd*"); IV. iv. 224.

Lap, wrap; II. i. 115.

Leisure, the shortness of time at disposal; V. iii. 97.

Lesson'd, taught; I. iv. 240.

Lethe, the waters of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.

Level, aim; IV. iv. 202.

Lewd, vile, base (Taylor conj. "*loud*"); I. iii. 61.

Libels, defamatory writings (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); I. i. 33.

Lie, i.e. lie in prison (used equivocally); I. i. 115.

Light-foot, light-footed, swift footed; IV. iv. 440.

Lightly, commonly, generally; III. i. 94.

Like, same; IV. i. 9.

Likelihood, sign, indication (Folios, "*liuelyhood*"); III. iv. 57.

Likes, pleases; III. iv. 51.

Limit, appoint; V. iii. 25.

Listed, desired (Folios, "*lusted*"); III. v. 84.

Luxury, lust; III. v. 80.

Makest, dost (notice the play upon the word in I. 165, "*marr'd*"); I. iii. 164.

Malapert, saucy; I. iii. 255.

Malmsey-butt, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 156.

Map, picture; II. iv. 54.

Mark, listen to; I. iii. 349.

Marry, a corruption of Mary; a slight oath; I. iii. 98.

Measures, stately dances; I. i. 8.

Meet'st, most fitting; III. v. 74.

Melancholy, (?) surly, ("because he did not join heartily in his cause," Malone); V. iii. 68.

Mercy; "cry thee m.," beg pardon; I. iii. 235.

Mere, absolute; III. vii. 233.
Methoughts, methought, I thought;
 (formed falsely on the analogy of
 "methinks"); I. iv. 9.
Mew'd up, imprisoned; I. i. 38.
Mid, middle; V. iii. 77.
Miscarry, die; I. iii. 16.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. ii. 89.
Model, plan; V. iii. 24.
Moe, more; IV. iv. 199.
Monuments, memorials; I. i. 6.
Moralize, interpret; III. i. 83.
Mortal-staring, "having a deadly
 stare, grim-looking"; V. iii. 90.
Muse, wonder (Folios, "muse why";
 Quartos, "wonder"); I. iii. 305.
Needs, absolutely (only found in
 Quarto 1; Collier MS., "e'en");
 III. i. 141.
Neglect, cause to be neglected; III.
 iv. 25.
Neighbour to, familiar with; IV. ii. 43.
New-deliver'd, newly released from
 prison; I. i. 121.
Nice, trifling, insignificant; III. vii.
 175.
Niece, grand-daughter; IV. i. 1.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of
 six shillings and eight pence; I.
 iii. 82.
Nonage, minority; II. iii. 13.
Novice, youth; I. iv. 222.
Obsequiously, in manner of a mourner;
 I. ii. 3.
Occasion, opportunity; II. ii. 148.
Odds; "at o.," at variance, quarrel-
 ling; II. i. 70.
O'erworn, worn out; I. i. 81.
Of; "too late of," i.e. too late for;
 III. v. 69.
On, against, I. i. 131; "cried on
 victory," i.e. uttered the cry of
 victory; V. iii. 231.
One; "all's one for that," it does
 not matter; V. iii. 8.
Opposite, adversary; V. iv. 3.
Opposite with, hostile to; II. ii. 94.

Order; "take o.," take measures,
 make preparation; I. iv. 282; give
 orders, IV. ii. 53.
Ordered, arranged, drawn up; V.
 iii. 292.
Overgo, exceed; II. ii. 61.
Owls, whose cry was believed to
 portend death; IV. iv. 509.
Pack-horse, beast of burden, drudge;
 I. iii. 122.
Painted, counterfeit, unreal; I. iii.
 241.
Parcell'd, divided among several; II.
 ii. 81.
Parlous, perilous, dangerous; a
 popular pronunciation (Quartos,
 "perilous"); II. iv. 35.
Part, depart, II. i. 5; divide, V.
 iii. 26.
Partake of, share, hear; I. i. 89.
Party, part, side; I. iii. 138; III.
 ii. 47.
Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 94.
Pattern, example; I. ii. 54.
Paul's, Old St Paul's Cathedral, used
 as a place of general resort for the
 citizens; III. vi. 3.
Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 92.
Peevish, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.
Peevish-fond, childishly foolish (Folios,
 "peevish found"); IV. iv. 417.
Peise, poise, weigh down; V. iii. 105.
Pell-mell, with confused violence;
 V. iii. 312.
Pent up, shut up, imprisoned; IV.
 iii. 36.
Perforce, by force; III. i. 30.
Period, conclusion, finish, I. iii.
 237; end, II. i. 44.
Pew-fellow, companion, associate
 (Quartos 1, 2, "puefellow"); IV.
 iv. 58.
Pill'd, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.
Piping; "p. time of peace," i.e.
 "when the pipe is sounding
 instead of the fife"; the pipe
 being a sign of peace, as the
 fife was of war; I. i. 24.

Pitch, the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; III. vii. 188.

Pitchers have ears, a proverbial expression probably having the force of "walls have ears"; according to some it is a short form of "little pitchers have large ears"; II. iv. 37.

Plagued, punished; I. iii. 181.

Plaints, complaints, moanings (Folios, "woes"); II. ii. 61.

Please it, may it please (Folios, "Pleaseth"); IV. iv. 488.

Pleasing, pleasure (?) will, command; I. i. 13.

Pluck on, incite, urge on; IV. ii. 65.

Post, hasten; III. ii. 17.

Power, army, armed force; IV. iii. 48.

Power; "utmost p.," highest number (Quartos, "greatest number"); V. iii. 10.

Precedent, rough draft; III. vi. 7.

Prefer, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.

Prepare, set in battle array; V. iii. 88.

Presently, immediately, at once; I. ii. 213.

Prime, first; IV. iii. 19.

Prime of manhood, early manhood; IV. iv. 170.

Process, order, manner, IV. iii. 32; story, IV. iv. 253.

Prodigious, monstrous; I. ii. 22.

Prolonged, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.

Promise, assure; II. iii. 2.

Proof, experience, II. iii. 43; "in p.," in armour that has been tested, V. iii. 219.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 255.

Puissance, power, force; V. iii. 299.

Punch, to pierce (*v. note*); V. iii. 125.

Quest, inquest, jury; I. iv. 183.

Quick, alive, I. ii. 65; lively, I. iii. 5; hearty, I. iii. 196.

Quit, requite, acquit, IV. iv. 20; requite (Quartos and Folios, "quits"; Pope, "quit"), V. iii. 262.

Rag, used contemptuously (Warburton, "wrack"); I. iii. 233.

Ragged, rugged, rough; IV. i. 102.

Raze, tear away violently (*v. note*), III. iv. 84; "razed," III. ii. 11.

Reason, talk; II. iii. 39.

Recomforture, comfort; IV. iv. 425.

Reduce, reconduct, bring back, II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.

Redoubted, redoubtable; IV. v. 11.

Re-edified, rebuilt; III. i. 71.

Remember'd; "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.

Remorse, tenderness; III. vii. 211.

Remorseful, compassionate; I. ii. 156.

Replenished, perfect, consummate; IV. iii. 18.

Resolve, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26.

Resolved, resolute (? "stout-resolved"); I. iii. 340.

Respect, regard, take notice of; I. iii. 296.

Respects, considerations; III. vii. 175.

Respite, "determined r. of my wrongs," *i.e.* the fixed time to which the punishment of my wrong-doings is respited; V. i. 19.

Restrain, withhold, keep for themselves; V. iii. 322.

Retail'd, retold, related; III. i. 77.

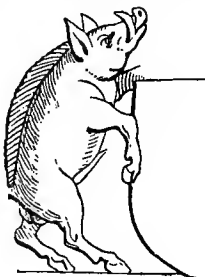
Reverend, reverent (Quarto 1, "reuerente"); IV. i. 31.

Right for right, "measure for measure"; IV. iv. 15.

Ripe, matured (Quarto 1, "my ripe"; Folios, "the ripe"; the rest, "my right"); III. vii. 158.

Rood, cross; "by the holy rood," an oath; III. ii. 77.

Rooting hog, an allusion to the white boar, the cognizance in Richard's



armorial bearings; I. iii. 228.
(*Cp.* illustration.)

Rougemont, a castle in Exeter (Quartos, "*Ruge-mount*"); IV. ii. 108.

Round, surround; IV. i. 60.

Royal, "r. battle," i.e. a battle on which a kingdom depended; IV. iv. 538.

Royalise, make royal; I. iii. 125.

Runagate, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.

Sacrament; "receive the holy s.," take an oath; I. iv. 208.

Sanctuary, i.e. the s. at Westminster; II. iv. 66.

Scathe, injury, harm; I. iii. 317.

Scorn, mock, taunt; III. i. 153.

Scrivener, professional scribe; III. vi.

Scroll, letter, paper (Folios, "*note*"); V. iii. 41.

Seal, the great seal, held by the Lord Chancellor; II. iv. 71.

Seniory, seniority, priority; (Folio 1, "*signeurie*"); IV. iv. 36.

Sennet, set of notes played on a trumpet; III. i. 150.

Senseless-obstinate, unreasonably obstinate; III. i. 44.

Set, sunset; V. iii. 19.

Several, separate; III. ii. 78; particular, respective; V. iii. 25.

Shall, "s. deal unadvisedly"; cannot help acting rashly; IV. iv. 292.

Shamefast, shame-faced (Folios, "*shame-fac'd*"); I. iv. 137.

Sharp-provided, quick and ready, keen; III. i. 132.

Shoulder'd in, pushed into, thrust into; III. vii. 128.

Shrewd, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.

Shrift, confession; III. iv. 97.

Shriving work, confession; III. ii. 116.

Sights, sight; IV. i. 25.

Silken, soft, effeminate; I. iii. 53.

Sir; "Sir John"; the title of priests; III. ii. 111.

Sirrah, a form of greeting to an inferior; III. ii. 98.

Sit, to sit in council; III. i. 173.

Slower, more serious; I. ii. 116.

Slug, the symbol of slowness; III. i. 22.

Smooth, flatter (Theobald conj, "*sooth*"); I. iii. 48.

Smoothing, flattering (Quartos 1-6, "*soothing*"); I. ii. 169.

So, well; IV. iv. 182.

Soft, hush; V. iii. 178.

Solace, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.

Sometime, once; IV. iv. 274.

Soothe, flatter; I. iii. 298.

Sop, anything steeped in liquor; properly the cake or wafer which floated at the top of a prepared drink; I. iv. 157.

Sort, set, pack; V. iii. 316.

Sort, make, find; II. ii. 148.

Spicery; "nest of s.," alluding to the phoenix which made a nest of spices as a funeral pyre, a new bird rising from its ashes; IV. iv. 424.

Spleen, malice, hatred; II. iv. 64; heat, impetuosity; V. iii. 350.

Squeak'd, shrieked; (Folios, "*shriek'd*"); I. iv. 54.

Stall'd, installed, invested; I. iii. 206.

Stands; "it st. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 59.
Startled, started (Folios, Quartos 7, 8, "started"); III. iv. 87.
Statuës (Quartos, Folios, "statues"; Steevens "statuas"); III. vii. 25.
Staves, the shafts of the lances; V. iii. 65.
Stealing, stealing on imperceptibly; III. vii. 168.
Still, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229.
Still, continually, always; I. iii. 222.
Still lasting, everlasting, perpetual; IV. iv. 344.
Stout, bold; ? "stout-resolved"; I. iii. 340; v. "resolved."
Straitly, strictly; I. i. 85.
Strength, army, force; V. iii. 26.
Stroke; "keep'st the s.," keepst on striking; IV. ii. 118.
Struck; "well s. in years," advanced in age; I. i. 92.
Suborn, procure; IV. iii. 4.
Substitute, proxy; III. vii. 181.
Success, issue; IV. iv. 236.
Successively, in order of succession; III. vii. 135.
Sudden, quick; I. iii. 346.
Suddenly, quickly, at once; IV. ii. 20.
Suggestion, instigation; III. ii. 103.
Sunder, "in s.," asunder (Folios, "asunder"); IV. i. 34.
Suspects, suspicions; I. iii. 89.
Swelling, angry; II. i. 51.
Sword, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.
Tackling, rigging; IV. iv. 233.
Take him, strike him; I. iv. 154.
Tall, active, strong; I. iv. 152.
Tamworth, on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; V. ii. 13.
Tardy; "ta'an t.," caught lagging; IV. i. 52.
Tear-falling, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.

Teen, sorrow; IV. i. 97.
Tell, "t. the clock," i.e. count the strokes of the clock; V. iii. 276.
Tell o'er, re-count; IV. iv. 39.
Tempers, moulds, fashions; I. i. 65.
Tender, care for; II. iv. 72.
Tendering, having a care for; I. i. 44.
Tetchy, fretful; IV. iv. 168.
That, so that; I. ii. 163; if that, III. vii. 157.
Thin, thinly covered; II. i. 117.
Thought; "in t.," in silence; III. vi. 14.
Thrall, slave; IV. i. 46.
Tidings ("this tidings," so Quartos 1-5, and Folio 1).
Timeless, untimely; I. ii. 117.
Timorous, full of fear; IV. i. 85.
To, as to; III. ii. 27.
Touch, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8; trait, dash; IV. iv. 157.
Toys, trifles, freaks of imagination; I. i. 60.
Troublous, turbulent, restless; II. iii. 5.
Truth, integrity; III. ii. 94.
Turn, return; IV. iv. 184.
Type, badge; IV. iv. 244.
Unadvisedly, rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Unavoided, not avoided, not shunned; IV. i. 56; unavoidable, IV. iv. 217.
Unblown, unopened (Folio 1, "unblowed"); IV. iv. 10.
Unhappiness, "evilness," (?) "disposition to mischief"; I. ii. 25.
Unlook'd, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly (Quarto 8, "Unmannerly"); I. ii. 39.
Unmeritable, unmeriting, devoid of merit; III. vii. 155.
Unrespective, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.
Unsatiated, insatiate (Folios, "insatiate"); III. v. 87.
Unshapen, misshaped (Folios, "misshapen"); I. ii. 251.
Untainted, unaccused; III. vi. 9.

Glossary TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

Unvalued, invaluable, inestimable; I. iv. 27.

Unviolable, inviolable (Folios, "inviolable"); II. i. 27.

Upon, "deal u.," i.e. deal with; IV. ii. 75.

Vantage, advantage; I. iii. 310.

Vaunts, exults; V. iii. 288.

Venom, venomed, poisonous; I. iii. 291.

Venom'd, venomous; I. ii. 20.

Ventures, adventures (Capell's emendation; Quartos and Folios, "adventures"); V. iii. 319.

Verge, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.

Vice, a common character in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.

Visitation, visit; III. vii. 107.

Vizard, mask (Folios, "Vizor"); II. ii. 28.

Voice, vote; III. ii. 53.

Wagging, moving; III. v. 7.

Wail, bewail; II. ii. 11.

Want, lack; V. iii. 13.

Ward, guard, protect; V. iii. 254.

Warn, summon; I. iii. 39.

Watch, watch-light; V. iii. 63.

Watery; "w. moon," i.e. ruler of the tides; II. ii. 69.

Way, best course; I. i. 78.

Weigh, prize, regard; III. i. 121.

Welkin, sky; V. iii. 341.

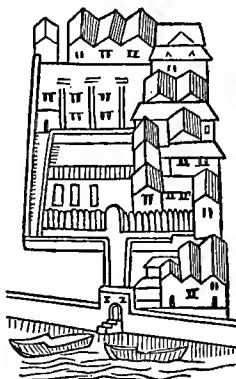
Wheel'd, turned (Folios, "whirl'd"); IV. iv. 105.

Whether (monosyllabic; Folio 1, "where"); III. vii. 229.

While, "the w.," the present time; II. iii. 8.

Whit, jot; III. iv. 82.

White-Friars, a convent near Fleet Street; I. ii. 227.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

White-liver'd, cowardly (the liver was regarded as the seat of courage); IV. iv. 465.

Windows, eyelids; V. iii. 116.

With, by; IV. iii. 47.

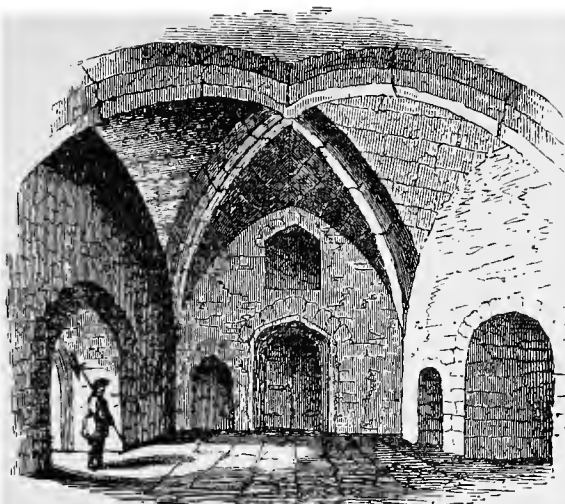
Withal, with; III. vii. 57.

Witty, sharp-witted, cunning; IV. ii. 42.

Wot, knows; II. iii. 18.

Wretched, hateful, abominable (Collier, "reckless"); V. ii. 7.

Wrongs, wrong - doings; V. i. 19.



Interior of the Bowyer's Tower, the traditional place of Clarence's drowning
From an engraving by Fairholt.

Notes.

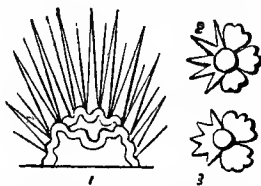
I. i. 2. '*Sun of York*'; probably an allusion to the device of a sun, the cognizance of Edward IV. Quartos, '*sonne*'; Folios, '*Son*'; Rowe, '*sun.*' (Cp. illustration.)

I. i. 15. '*to court an amorous looking-glass*'; Vaughan thought the line might be improved by a slight emendation: — '*an amorous looking lass*' (!).

I. i. 26. '*spy*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*see.*'

I. i. 61. '*have*'; so Quartos and Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*hath.*'

I. i. 65. '*That tempers him to this extremity*'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-8 read, '*That tempts him,*' etc. (Quarto 3, '*temps*'); Folios read, '*That tempts him to this harsh extremity*'; Anon. conj. '*That tempts him now to this extremity.*'



From badges of the House of York, worn by (1) Richard II., (2) Edward IV., (3) Richard III. Figs. (2) and (3) show the conjunction of a half-faced sun and a white rose.

I. i. 75. '*was to her for his*'; so Quartos; Folio 1, '*was, for her*'; Folios 2, 3, '*was, for his*.'

I. i. 132. '*eagle*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Eagles*.'

I. i. 133. '*prey*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*play*.'

I. i. 138. '*by Saint Paul*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*by S. Iohn*,' a favourite oath of Richard's.

I. ii. 8. '*be it*,' monosyllabic.

I. ii. 14. '*Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes*'; Quartos, '*Curst*'; Folios, '*O cursed*'; Quartos 1, 2, '*these fatal*'; Quartos 3-8, '*the fatall*'; Folios, '*these*.'

I. ii. 16, 25. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 19. '*to adders, spiders*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*to wolves, to spiders*.'

I. ii. 60, 61. '*Thy deed . . . Provokes*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Deeds . . . Prouokes*'; Folio 4, '*deeds . . . Provoke*.'

I. ii. 76. '*evils*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*crimes*.'

I. ii. 89. '*Why, then they are not dead*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Then say they were not slaine*.'

I. ii. 127. '*These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck*'; Quartos, '*never*'; Folios read, '*not*'; Quartos, '*sweet*'; Folios 1, 2, '*y'*'; Folios 3, 4, '*that*'; '*wreck*,' Theobald's emendation of '*wrack*' of Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 135. '*you*'; Folios, '*thee*.'

I. ii. 147. '*Never hung poison on a fouler toad*'; alluding to the old belief that toads were venomous.

I. ii. 156, 167. Omitted in Quartos.

I. ii. 180. '*for I did kill King Henry*'; Quartos read, '*'twas I that kild your husband*.'

I. ii. 182. '*'twas I that stab'd young Edward*'; Quartos read, '*'twas I that kild King Henry*.'

I. ii. 186. '*the*'; Folios, '*thy*.'

I. ii. 203. Omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 207. '*devoted suppliant*'; so Quarto 1; Folios read, '*devoted seruant*'; the rest, '*suppliant*.'

I. ii. 211. '*would*,' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*may*'; '*thee*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*you*.'

I. ii. 212. '*more*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*most*.'

I. ii. 226. '*Sirs, take up the corse*'; omitted in Folios.

I. ii. 228, 229:—

' *Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?* '

*cp. 'She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.'*

Titus And., II. i. 82, 83.

*"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."*

1 Henry VI., V. iii. 77, 78.

I. ii. 236. 'nothing'; so Quartos; Folios, 'no Friends.'

I. iii. 5. 'words'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'eyes.'

I. iii. 7. 'harm'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'harmes.'

I. iii. 17. 'Here come the lords'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quartos 3-8, 'Here comes the Lords'; Folios, 'Here comes the Lord'; Theobald altered 'Derby' to 'Stanley,' as Thomas, Lord Stanley, was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII.

I. iii. 36. 'Madam, we did'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'I (i.e. Aye) Madam'; Quartos, 'Madame we did.'

I. iii. 43. 'who are they that complain'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'who is it that complaines.'

I. iii. 58. 'person'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Grace.'

I. iii. 67. 'kindred'; so Quartos 1, 6, 7, 8; Quartos 2, 3, 4, 5 read, 'kinred'; Folios, 'children.'

I. iii. 68, 69. 'Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it,' the reading of Quartos 1-6. (Quarto 6, 'grounds'); Folios read, 'Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground'? Pope, 'Makes him to send that he may learn the ground Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it'; Capell, 'Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it,' etc.

I. iii. 77. 'we'; so Quartos; Folios, 'I.'

I. iii. 80. 'whilst many fair promotions'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'while great promotions'; (evidently to be read as a quadrisyllable).

I. iii. 90. 'cause'; so Quartos; Folios, 'meane.'

I. iii. 106. 'With those gross taunts I often have endured'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'Of those . . . that oft I have e.'.

I. iii. 109. 'thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, 'so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.'

I. iii. 114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 116. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 130. 'Margaret's battle at St Alban's,' i.e. the second battle of St Albans, Feb. 17, 1461.

I. iii. 161. 'I being queen'; so the Quartos; Folios read, 'I am queen.'

I. iii. 167-169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 219. 'them,' i.e. heaven, used in plural sense.

I. iii. 287. *'I'll not believe'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'I will not thinke.'*

I. iii. 321. *'And for your grace; and you, my noble lords'*; Folios, *'And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.'*

I. iii. 337. *'old odd ends stolen out'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'odde old ends stolen forth.'*

I. iii. 354. *'Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears,'* a proverbial expression; *'drop tears'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'fall Teares.'*

I. iv. 3. *'So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights.'*

I. iv. 9, 10. *'Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy.'*

I. iv. 25. *'ten thousand'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'a thousand.'*

I. iv. 28. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 36, 37. *'and often . . . ghost'*; omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 38. *'kept in'*; so Quartos; Folios *'Stop'd.'*

I. iv. 45. *'who'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'I'*; *'flood,'* river (*'melancholy flood,'* i.e. the river Styx).

I. iv. 46. *'grim ferryman'*; i.e. Charon; so Quartos; Folios, *'sowre f.'*

I. iv. 57. *'to your torments'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'unto Torment.'*

I. iv. 59. *'environ'd me about'*; so Quartos; Folios omit *'about.'*

I. iv. 65. *'I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it'*; so the Quartos; Folios read, *'I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.'*

I. iv. 66. *'O Brakenbury'*; Quartos read, *'O Brokenbury'*; Folios, *'Ah Keeper, Keeper!'*; *'those,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'these.'*

I. iv. 69-72. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 72. *'My guiltless wife'*; Clarence's wife died before this date.

I. iv. 73. *'I pray thee, gentle Keeper, stay by me'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, *'Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while.'*

I. iv. 85. *'In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios, *'What would'st thou, Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?'*

I. iv. 95. *'Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.'*

I. iv. 104. *'till the judgement-day'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'untill the great judgement-day.'*

I. iv. 113-114. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 118. *'my holy humour'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'this passionate humor of mine.'*

I. iv. 133. *'it . . . thing'*; omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 153. '*shall we to this gear?*' so Quartos; Folios read, '*shall we fall to worke.*'

I. iv. 155. '*we will chop him in*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*throw him into.*'

I. iv. 169. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 180. '*call'd forth from out*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*drawne forth among.*'

I. iv. 188. '*to have redemption*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*for any goodness.*'

I. iv. 189. Omitted in Folios.

I. iv. 216. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iv. 249. '*this world's*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*this earth's.*'

I. iv. 258-267. '*Relent! 'tis,*' etc.; Folios, '*Relent? no: 'Tis,*' etc.; the text is due to a blending of the readings of Quartos and Folios, first suggested by Tyrwhitt (*vide* Note vii., Camb. ed.).

I. iv. 273. '*like Pilate*'; *cp.* Matthew xxvii. 24.

I. iv. 274. '*grievous guilty murder done*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*grievous murther.*'

I. iv. 282. '*Until the duke take*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*Till that the Duke give.*'

II. i. 5. '*now in peace*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*more to peace.*'

II. i. 7. '*Rivers nnd Hastings*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*Dorset and Rivers.*'

II. i. 33. '*On you or yours*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*Vpon your Grace.*'

II. i. 40. '*zeal*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*loue.*'

II. i. 44. '*perfect*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*blessed.*'

II. i. 45. '*And, in good time, here comes the noble duke*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.*'

II. i. 56. '*unwittingly*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*unwillingly.*'

II. i. 66. '*Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you*'; so Quartos 1-4; Folios read, '*Of you and you, Lord Riwers and of Dorset.*'

II. i. 67. '*have frown'd on me*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*have frown'd on me, Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you.*'

II. i. 69-72. Quoted by Milton in *Iconoclastes* by way of illustrating his statement that "the poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never nine pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant."

II. i. 98. '*Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st*'; '*speak,*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*say*'; '*demandest,*' the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*requests.*'

II. i. 103. '*that tongue*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*the same.*'

- II. i. 104. 'slew'; so Quartos; Folios, 'kill'd.'
- II. i. 105. 'cruel'; Quartos; Folios, 'bitter.'
- II. i. 116. 'his owne garments'; Quartos 6, 7, 8, 'his owne armes'; Folios, 'his Garments'; 'gave,' so Quartos; Folios, 'did give.'
- II. ii. 11. 'sorrow to wail'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'labour to weepe for.'
- II. i. 15. 'daily'; so Quartos; Folios, 'earnest'; Pope, 'daily earnest,' omitting 'all to that effect.'
- II. ii. 16. Omitted in Quartos.
- II. ii. 46. 'perpetual rest'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'nere-changing night'; Collier MS., 'nere-changing light.'
- II. ii. 84-85. 'So do I; I for an Edward weep'; omitted in Folios.
- II. ii. 11. 89-100, 123-140, omitted in Quartos.
- II. ii. 101. 'Madam'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Sister.'
- II. ii. 144. 'weighty'; reading of Quartos; Folios omit it.
- II. iii. 4. 'Seldom comes the better'; a proverbial expression; found in Ray's *Proverbs*.
- II. iii. 11. 'Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child'; cp. Ecclesiastes x. 16.
- II. iii. 28. 'sons and brothers haught'; so Folios; Quartos, 'kindred hauty'; Capell conj., 'kindred hauty are.'
- II. iv. 20. 'if this rule were true'; so the Cambridge Editors; Quartos 1, 2, 'if this were a true rule'; Quartos 3-8, 'if this were a rule'; Folios, 'if his rule were true.'
- II. iv. 62, 63. 'blood against blood, Self,' etc.; so Quartos; Folios, 'Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe,' etc.
- II. iv. 67. 'Madam, farewell'; omitted in Quartos.
- III. i. 82. 'formal vice, Iniquity'; Hammer reads, 'formal wise antiquary'; Warburton, 'formal-wise antiquity'; 'Iniquity' was no uncommon name of the formal (i.e. conventional) comic character, the *Vice*, of the Morality plays (cp. e.g. 'The Nice Wanton').
- III. i. 110, 111; observe this instance of dramatic irony.
- III. i. 172, 173, omitted in Quartos.
- III. i. 176. 'icy-cold'; Ingleby's conj.; Quartos and Folios read, 'icie, cold.'
- III. i. 193. 'Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do'; so Quartos; Folios read, 'Chop off his Head: something wee will determine.'
- III. ii. 11. 'razed'; Quartos 1-4, 'raste'; Quarto 5, 'caste'; Folios 1, 2, 'rased off'; Folios 3, 4, 'raised off.' Quoted in Nares 'rashed.' To rase or rash seems to have been an old hunting term used specially for the violence of the boar.
- III. ii. 55. 'I will not do it, to the death'; i.e. though death be the consequence.
- III. ii. 108. 'fellow'; Quartos read, 'Hastings.'

III. iii. 7, 8. Omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 15. After this line Folios insert:—*'When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I'*; omitted in Quartos.

III. iii. 23. *'Make haste; the hour of death is expiate'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2-4, *'is now expired'* (cp. supra l. 8): *expiate*=ended, terminated; Quartos read, *'Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your liues is out'*; Steevens, *'expire.'*

III. iv. 1. *'My lords, at once'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'Now, Noble Peers.'*

III. iv. 10. *'Who, I, my lord,'* etc., so Quartos; the Folio:—

*'We know each other's Face; for our Hearts
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine.'*

III. iv. 77. *'Teltest thou me of "ifs"'* so Quartos; Folios, *'Talk'st thou to me of "ifs."'*

III. iv. 84. *'raze his helm'*; Quartos read, *'race his helme'*; Folios 1, 2, *'rowse our Helmes'*; Folios 3, 4, *'rowze our Helmes'*; Rowe, *'rase our helms'*; cp. supra III. ii. 11.

III. iv. 85. *'But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And I did scorn it, and disdaine to flye.'*

III. iv. 98. *'grace of mortal'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'state of worldly.'*

III. iv. 104-107. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 5. *'Tut, I can'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'Tut feare not me, I can.'*

III. v. 7. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 10-21. The first Quarto differs in many points from this, the reading of the Folios, especially in making Catesby enter with Hastings' head, though previously Gloster has ordered him 'to overlook the walls.' A similar discrepancy occurs in Scene 4, ll. 80, 81.

III. v. 52. Gloucester's speech given to 'Buckingham' in Folios.

III. v. 70, 71. *'Yet witnesse . . . farewell'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.'*

III. v. 97. *'and . . . adieu'*; 103-105. Omitted in Quartos.

III. v. 101-102. *'I go . . . affords'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'About three or four a clocke looke to heare What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.'*

III. vi. 12. *'blind'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'bold.'*

III. vii. 24. *'they spake not a word,'* omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 25. *'breathing stones,'* i.e. they were able to breathe, but without the power of speech; later Quartos, *'breathlesse s.'*

III. vii. ll. 98, 99, 120, 127, 144-153, 202, omitted in Quartos.

III. vii. 220. Omitted in Folios, where the previous line reads, *'Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.'*

III. vii. 240. '*Richard, England's royal king*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*King Richard, England's worthie king.*'

IV. i. 7. '*As much to you, good sister! Whither away?*' the reading of Folios; Quartos, which omit ll. 2-6, read, '*Sister, well met, whether awaie so fast?*'

IV. i. 14. '*How doth the prince, and my young son of York?*' so Folios; Quartos read, '*How fares the Prince?*'

IV. i. 15. '*Right well, dear Madam. By your patience*'; the reading of Folios; Quartos read, '*Well Madam, and in health, but by your leave.*'

IV. i. 18. '*why, who's that?*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*who's that?*'

IV. i. 25. '*Then bring me to their sights*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Then feare not thou.*'

IV. i. 51. '*To meet you on the way, and welcome you*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*In your behalfe, to meet you on the way.*'

IV. i. 61. '*red-hot steel*'; Steevens says, 'She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head.'

IV. i. 66. '*Why?*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. i. 76-77. '*As miserable by the death of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*More miserable by the life of thee, Then*' etc.; cp. I. ii. 27.

IV. i. 96. '*Eighty odd years*'; the Duchess was actually only sixty-eight at this time.

IV. i. 98-104. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. ii. 16. '*That Edward still should live true noble prince*'; so Quartos and Folios; Theobald, '*That Edward still should live, True noble Prince.*'

IV. ii. 46-53. In the lines the Cambridge text follows substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to the Folios, where the passage is carelessly printed.

IV. ii. 56. '*The boy is foolish*'; i.e. Edward Plantagenet, who had been kept imprisoned in the Tower almost from his tenderest years.

IV. ii. 102-119. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 5. '*this ruthless piece of butchery*'; so Quartos 1, 2; Quarto 3, '*this ruthfull . . .*'; etc.; Quartos 4-8, '*this ruthfull . . .*'; etc.; Folios, '*This peece of ruthfull Butchery.*'

IV. iii. 11. '*innocent alabaster*'; so Quarto 8; Quartos 1-7, '*innocent alablaster*'; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, '*Alablaster innocent*'; Folio 4, '*Alabaster innocent.*'

IV. iii. 40. '*the Breton Richmond*'; "after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II, Duke of Bretagne" (Malone).

IV. iv. 17-19, placed after line 34 in Folios.

IV. iv. 20, 21, 28. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 41. 'Harry'; Quartos, 'Richard'; Folios, 'Husband.'

IV. iv. 52-53. Omitted in Quartos; transposed in Folios.

IV. iv. 72. 'their,' i.e. hell's; *cp.* the use of 'heaven,' I. iii. 219.

IV. iv. 88-90. The reading of the Quartos is followed in these lines in preference to that of the Folios:—

*'A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagg,
To be the aymne of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a Breath, a Bubble.'*

IV. iv. 102-104 transposed; line 103 omitted in Quartos. Folios 'she' for 'one.'

IV. iv. 175. 'Humphrey Hour'; perhaps a mere personification, as it were, of some particular Hour, formed on the analogy of such phrases as 'Tom Trott,' etc. According to some, there is an allusion to the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey.'

IV. iv. 179-182. 'I prithee . . . So.'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'Du. O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee more. KING. Come, come, you are too bitter.'

IV. iv. 221-234. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 235-236. 'my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'my dangerous attempt of hostile armes.'

IV. iv. 275, 276. 'steep'd in Rutland's blood,—A handkerchief'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'a handkercher steeped in Rutlands blood.'

IV. iv. 276-277, 288-342. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 324. 'Of ten times'; Theobald's correction of Folios, 'Oftentimes.'

IV. iv. 387. 'What canst thou swear by now?' omitted in Quartos.

IV. iv. 511-516. So the Folios; the Quartos differ materially in the phraseology of the lines.

V. ii. 17. 'Every man's conscience is a thousand swords'; Folios, 'men' for 'swords'; the words paraphrase 'Conscientia nulle testes.'

V. iii. 2. 'My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?'; so the Folios; Quarto 1 reads, 'Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad?' the other Quartos, 'Whie . . . so sad?'

V. iii. 22. 'Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard'; so Folios; Quartos read, 'Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd.'

V. iii. 23-26. In Quartos these lines are inserted between ll. 43 and 44, and ll. 27, 28, 43 are omitted.

V. iii. 40. 'Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him'; so Quartos; Folios, 'Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him.'

V. iii. 95. 'tender George'; George Stanley was at this time already

married, tho' Shakespeare, following Hall and Holinshed, makes him a child.

V. iii. 125. '*By thee was punched full of deadly holes*'; this has been described as one of the worst lines in all Shakespeare, but this is due to the fact that critics have confused (i.) 'punch,' the technical word for making use of the *puncheon*, a shoemaker's tool for making holes (Fr. *poinson*, a bodkin, L. *punctionem*), with (ii.) *punch*, to beat, which is a distinct word, and is merely an abbreviation of *punish*.

V. iii. 143. '*Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!*'; Capell reads, '*hurtless lance*'; Collier MS., '*pointless lance*'; but no change is necessary; the line is probably intentionally abrupt, *cp.* 148.

V. iii. 152. '*lead*'; so Quarto 1; all other eds., '*laid*.'

V. iii. 162-163. These lines are Lettsom's conjecture, the true lines being lost.

V. iii. 173. '*I died for hope*'; i.e. 'for want of hope,' *cp.* '*dead for hope*' (Greene's *James IV.*, *V.*, *VI.*) = 'dead to hope.' Various unnecessary emendations have been proposed (*v.* Glossary).

V. iii. 180. '*the lights burn blue*,' alluding to the old superstitious belief that when a spirit was present the lights burnt blue.

V. iii. 204-206. '*Methought . . . Richard*'; Johnson proposed to place these lines after line 192.

V. iii. 212-214. '*KING RICH. O Ratcliff . . my lord*,' omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 221. '*eaves-dropper*,' so Folio 4; Quarto 1, '*case dropper*'; Quarto 2, '*cuse dropper*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Ease-dropper*.'

V. iii. 317. '*Bretons*'; Capell's emendation; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 5, '*Brittains*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Britains*'; Pope, '*Britons*.'

V. iii. 322. '*restrain*'; so Quartos and Folios. Warburton proposed '*distrain*,' and this reading has been adopted by several modern editors.

V. iii. 324. '*mother's cost*,' should be '*brother's cost*'; the error—a mere printer's error—was due to the 2nd edition of Holinshed; *cp.* Hall, '*brought up by my brother's*' (i.e. Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy) *meanes and mine*.'

V. iii. 345. '*the enemy is past the marsh*'; "There was a large marsh in Bosworth plaine between the two armies, which Richard passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when bows and arrows were in use" (Malone).

V. v. 9. '*But tell me, is young George Stanley living?*'; so Folios and Quartos. Pope, '*tell me first*'; Keightley, '*tell me, pray*,' etc. There is no need to emend; '*George*' is evidently dissyllabic.

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